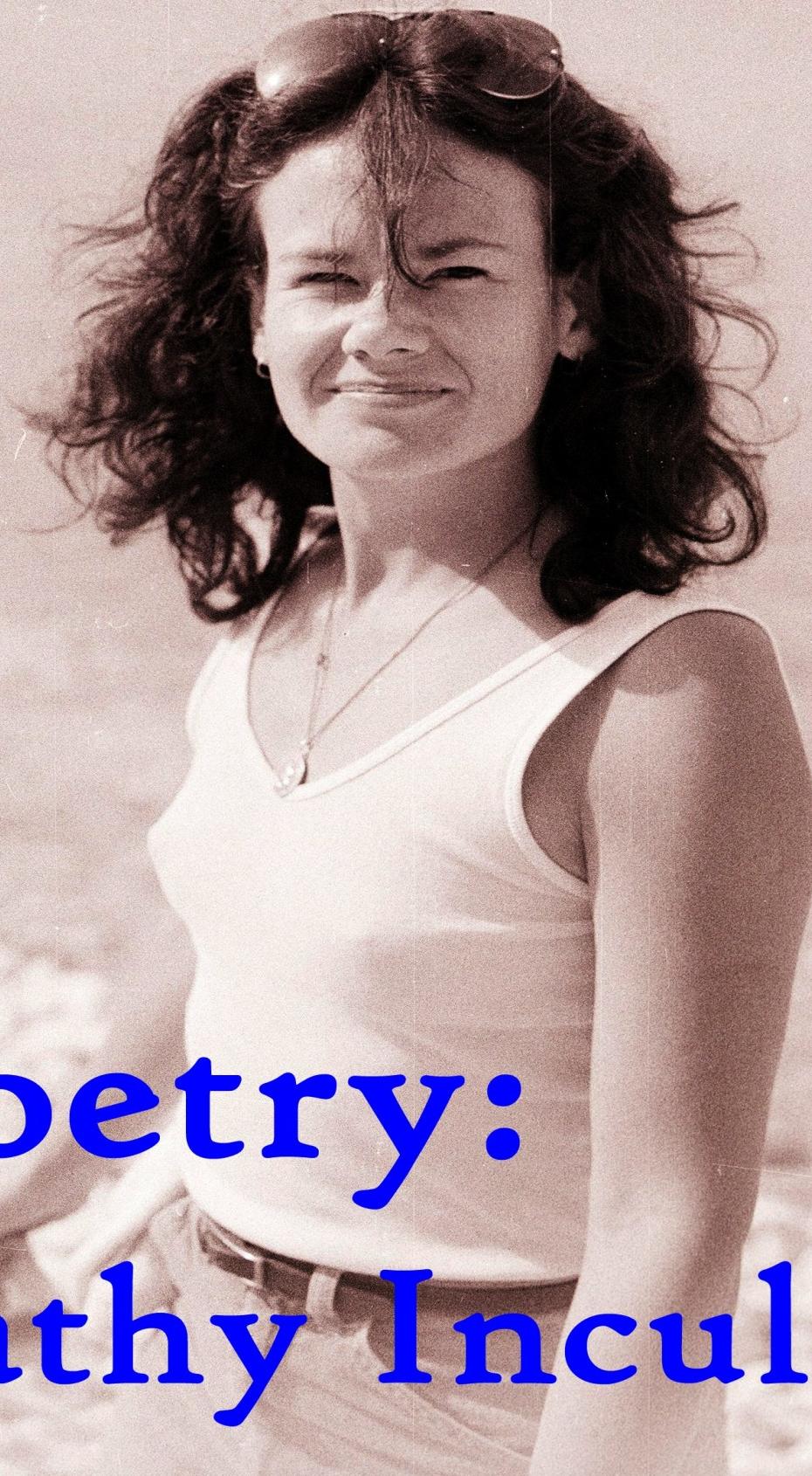


**17 & 1/2 Hours**



**Poetry:  
Cathy Inculet**

# **17 & ½ Hours**

**The poetry of Catherine M. Inculet [1957-2015]**

edited by Wayne Scott Ray



HMS Press: Electronic Books In Print  
available in E-book format on archive.org or PDF below:

**<https://archive.org/details/@hmsspress>**

**[hmspress@outlook.com](mailto:hmspress@outlook.com)**

**ISBN 978-1-55253-124-2**

*See also: She Cast no Shadow: Harmonia Press on archive.org  
Photos: Windfield Photographic Collection and Archives <http://photoarchives.ca>.*

Library and Archives Canada Cataloguing in Publication  
Title: 17 & ½ hours : the poetry of Catherine Inculet (1957-2015) / edited by Wayne Scott Ray.  
Other titles: Works | 17 and ½ hours | Seventeen and one half hours  
Names: Inculet, Catherine M., 1957-2015, author. | Ray, Wayne, 1950- editor.  
Identifiers: Canadiana 20250178788 | ISBN 9781552531242 (PDF)  
Subjects: LCGFT: Poetry.  
Classification: LCC PS8567 .N38 2025 | DDC C811/.54—dc23

## Reflections

*Is the lack of trust in me, the withdrawal, the “I’m not in love with you” because of the realization that I have failures, that I am not strong all the time. I think that this is the measure of a relationship, to be able to lean on and expect support from each other is capable of doing. More than that, it is the expectation that even if that person was strong enough - no that’s not the right words - even if the other person is battling their own demons, that they will be there for you.*

*My love, once given is unconditional. I have given it three times - once to Mark Verleyen when we were young, I learned a lot - it took me five years to get over him, once to Rory Murphy / it was as it turned out, a misgiven trust - I refuse to become hardened by it, and once to you. That is continuing in a strange way, once I have given my love, it continues. If someone were to come to me, even if they had missed me, I seem to have this strange ability to forgive the past and get on with dealing with the present. But then I get surprised when people dwell on the past.*

## Relationships

*To a large extent they seem to have an ability to deal with each other’s feelings as opposed to an attraction to each other’s qualities. Of course there is mixed in with that the selfish “what can I gain from my association with this person?” I learned this only lately from Rory Murphy - he gained and expected to gain much from me.*

*Sometimes I wish for that simple domestic life that other people seem to be happy with - no, I wish for that contentment - how is it that people can be so content? This world is so large, with so much to love. Each of us can only do a little but so many just don’t want to bother. How can someone with potential not want - no, not be driven to realize on that potential? It’s taken me a few years. So, what is the difference between someone who makes a difference and someone who doesn’t?*

## Opportunity / Experience

*I had all the opportunity in the world and didn’t fight hard enough to get what I wanted - I succumbed and have been miserably following an agenda which has not allowed me to make a difference. You, from what you have told me, did not have opportunity. But you have made well of your experience.*

*Your qualities that make me smile:  
The way you can stop in the middle of what you’re doing and make a moment of something else. The way you can focus absolutely on something, to the point that (imagining as it may be, I still appreciate it) you don’t acknowledge my speaking to you. Your ability gauge a situation/conversation and simply know how to diffuse it or encourage it - I am guessing that came from your childhood, dealing with your mom & dad.*

*You spoke of “clouds”. My feeling is that we are talking about joy. I am done with having to prove anything to you - not going to do it anymore. So. Please trust your teaching of me. I need your respect and unconditional love. If I can’t trust in that from you, my reflex is to close doors, trust myself and get what I need from time to time from my friends.*

*You are an incredibly smart man - and I think my love of continuous learning and wonder at the world has in part come from you. I get so excited about trips and frogs and Bosnia and Africa and all the things that are happening in the world. I am constantly learning and I am not wise, yet, but I am your age. I think you are very wise but why do you seem to have this tunnel vision about your own daughter. That would be in a time that neither you nor I can conceive of.*

*You have lived a life of envious proportions and are still growing, still doing. You are amazing. I am amazing too, but in a way you can’t (it seems) comprehend or respect. Release me to live my life, with your love.*

## Poetry for Alnoor Jamani

**17 1/2 hours**  
**December 18, 1994**

I lick the linger taste of parting kiss.  
Your scent is drifting slowly in my hair.  
Intoxicating insistent embrace.  
Were I to die so happy in its snare,  
and will we ask what shan't become of us?  
Our stories shared will choose that road in time,  
two paths, two lives were merged in wondrous  
touch,  
but I have known you always, lover mine

I am forewarned, please leave me with your scent.  
It breathes your nature or perhaps your past.  
If you belong to danger I'm content,  
in perilous desire then I'm cast.

Some promises were taken and some left,  
But my sweet friend, there will be no regret.

**His Mother's Voice**

I sit in contemplation  
of your learning  
of my behaviour  
and I'm sorry  
I don't run to our  
co-habitation.  
I refer  
to things of scarcity.  
Blessings.  
They are ethereal.  
But you are my rock,  
through all the shock,  
of my parents  
You are there for me.

I keep singing this song,  
it changes with the morning.  
It is our song.

**Be On My Side**

Be on my side  
    my darling.  
Be on my side and  
I will fail sometimes.  
Be on my side so  
I'll be quite contrite.

But I must fight my demons  
as they show themselves,  
they don't wait for opportunity,  
they raise their heads, but  
I know that face,  
I dare to dream,  
to walk that place.

I don't know if I can find  
    my peace,  
but if I can at last,  
    know that you  
are on my side.

**Alnoor**

it is not the time  
or the waiting  
it is the thought  
of waiting  
it is the expectation  
of being with you

**Hooked**

Hooked.  
No shots to play  
four ball in the corner,  
off the side, banked.  
Your anger  
leaves me no choice  
but to tip in the 8 ball,  
and lose to you.

**Candour**

I taste your name  
with absolute candour.  
There are questions,  
but we can wait for answers.

I find myself moving like you.  
In you I am possessed,  
and new.

Alone,  
it was so strange.  
Me who has always been,  
so comfortable disarranged.

I crave you, push you, want you.  
All in a bundle.  
A package like a granadilla,  
which you can pretend to fumble.

So I can go,  
but our meeting is strong I think,  
and if you will have me,  
I will stay true.

I could live in your voice  
Surrounded by its languor  
Its liquid candour.

### If I Could Fly

If I could fly,  
I would stay on the ground,  
knowing that I,  
could leave without a sound.

It's not the time  
or the waiting.  
It's the thought of waiting.  
The expectation of you.

### Pretend You Love Me

Just pretend you love me  
and I'll give you the world.  
My world.  
I am so vulnerable.  
I've lost everything,  
no, I've thrown it down.

Just pretend that you love me.  
I love you.  
I left my husband for  
the me that I am with you.

I have been selfish  
but I give it all to you.  
He sees it as competition.

How can I tell you  
that I don't need you  
when it's plain on my face,  
that I really do.

Tell me that you do,  
tell me that and I  
can love the world.

### Alnoor A Name So Soft

Alnoor is a name so soft,  
no percussive syllables.  
Unlike mine, somehow defined  
by the first of cat-astrophes.  
How do you put up with me?  
But I cannot tell your name,  
you say Allan.

I want to shout  
“How common.”

“How distinctly so, so.”,  
that convenience is a wall you put up,  
like covering pancakes with syrup.  
I will follow you and you will follow me,  
just as partners should be.  
Hand in hand.

Not a man and his wife.  
Good grief I have tried  
that and found it lacking  
in life,  
in respect for each other,  
frankly I rather pet a cat.

### Rays In The Sun

I think all the rays in the sun  
can't explain my love for you.  
I know it is plain on my face  
as I walk along beside you.  
I try to not try,  
be my guide on this road  
as I search for you.  
It is strange to be here with you  
while I'm looking to find you.

Fellow traveller on a solitary road,  
does it matter that I stumble sometimes.  
I fall catastrophically in your arms.  
Your strong back picks me up,  
but needs my strength  
to carry half your load.  
Of dreams that weigh on you.  
Of schemes that play on you.  
And time that passes  
with the flashing of an eye.

I am dancing down the street  
that is filled with people lost,  
trudging sadly down a path winding.  
Gently, oh so simply,  
but I follow muses that admit of no riposte.  
I am silent in my needs.

## **Someone**

I want someone who is kind.  
Who will applaud me when  
I've done something I'm proud of,  
or just applaud me when,  
I've done something good or bad.

Just the fact that I tried.

Someone who thinks I am the  
most gorgeous creative angel  
and scan see how a room  
changes when I enter.

Someone who understands the  
impulse to go and lay down  
on the ground and smell  
and feel the earth, the weeds,  
and watch the insects roam.

Someone whom I  
when I say "I Love You" knows  
it isn't a question.

Someone from whom distance  
is infinitesimal because he is  
always in touch with me, reassuring me,  
without being asked.

I want, I need to be sure of him.  
I want his needs. I  
can give so much to him.  
At the edge of doubt I will build a wall.

Someone who can fill  
that one little chink in the wall  
and his face can slip through it  
into my eyes and then I can fly.

I can carry him though I don't need to.  
I think he can fly on his own,  
but if he gets tired, just falls asleep,  
say in a bowl of soup at lunch,  
then I can carry him,  
no distance, always in touch.

It was just a chink, a small  
one getting smaller and smaller and  
I keep trying to look through it  
but I can't see my own people anymore.  
I used to be able to see,  
can't see anymore.  
I wonder if it was they  
who put mortar in the chink?

We are always together.  
We closed the chink.  
You don't get to see us anymore.  
I get to see through his eyes.  
I am quite strong

I want someone who is kind.  
Who will applaud me when  
I've done something I'm proud of,  
or just applaud me when,  
I've done something good or bad.

I know I can climb over the wall.  
I'm quite strong. It is frightening though  
because when I get to the top  
of the wall and look over, there  
will be absolutely nothing there  
but light.

## **Walls**

She came up to a wall, well  
it wasn't a wall really, it  
was like a Venetian,  
is that the right word,  
Venetian, that's a funny word,  
from Venice,  
venation blinds,  
she could peek through  
by moving them apart.

Be generous with me.  
In my sleep.  
I can't challenge you  
in my resting state.  
Funny how it all circles around.

## **What Do I Do?**

What do I do?  
How do I talk to you?  
Are we wounded by  
the things we have to go through,  
to choose.

I am sorry for hurting you.  
I worry about pleasing you.

Why would I get angry?  
Why would I compare?  
Why would I try to please the pleasure?



Catherine @18



**April 06 1978**

*Where will I be in ten years? I'll be 30 that's for sure. Will I be like I read in the magazines; desperately lonely, desperate for a man, anxious to jump at the first proposal just for a release, the big copout? I think I am stronger than that. I hope I am. I await my new single life with great anticipation and excitement. What a blow to have your boyfriend who always seemed to be in your future, suddenly become engaged to another woman [Mark Verleyen]. I know I can't marry for quite some time. I must become stronger than I am. That won't happen if I can lean on someone else or if I can't devote all my time to myself. Also, the men my age are so new, so unsure. I feel that they are always baffled, somewhat frightened by me. I seek solace in the company of men in their late 20's. They too are divorced - both from a love and trauma life which increasingly converges to a single goal, pursuit of happiness. This I think is the concept in which my mind differs. For me, this happiness is everything.*

## Poetry and 1977 diary for her first boyfriend: Mark Verleyen

*When I was 17 and in University in the sciences, there was a fellow whom I had met briefly at the University Community College outside Room 260. He came running up to me on the street in front of the library and asked for my last name. Reader, please understand that I was 17 in 1974 and I had absolutely no idea why he was asking for it. I was confused and I told him my name. My relationship with him lasted for a year and a half. I thank him for introducing me to picnics with wine and bread and cheese at Reservoir Hill, and to love. Early in my relationship with him, one day we were going skiing up north in his green Datsun. We got a bit lost and ended up in Elmira and they were closing the roads because of the snow storm becoming a major blizzard. We kept going and I'm not sure whether it was that my internal safety monitor instilled by my parents didn't connect the dots, or whether I was snow blinded by love and perhaps feeling that I had no say. We slid off the road and the car overturned. We were okay. I was hanging by my seatbelt after having been showered by skis and apple cores. He unhooked me and we looked at the upside down Datsun. Then, down the road came a fellow on a bicycle. I'm not kidding. He was probably in his sixties, maybe seventies and he said, "can I help you, son?" He said, "maybe you can help us overturn the car?" And he did. The fellow rode off and we tried to start the car to no avail. So we went to the nearest farmhouse, knocked and asked for help. The fellow said "I don't know, I'll have to ask the boss" and shut the door. I was pretty cold by now and confused. I was in a sort of "take what happens" mode. The fellow came back after a while and said "The boss said we can't help, we have to go to church." He'll grow up to be a nice Christian boy*

*Now I have twenty letters in my name, soon I will have 21. I love him in a way that I cannot comprehend. Everything I do brings me closer to him I could dismiss that, saying that it is because I want to be closer to him but too much is ruled by fate. But somehow fate is not enough to bring us together again. There must be a way. Want to ask him to dinner. I think he must make the next move. Meanwhile I must wash and study for school. I wonder if he saw me at Tim Horton's on Saturday? I wanted him to come into work tonight. I even went to Horton's after.*

## A Valentine

He snatched a child from the wind  
and showed her she was a woman.  
He took her in his arms  
and told her she could fly  
above an ugly world  
where he made his lies,  
but he called her part of it  
when he saw it reflected in her eyes.

Jealous of beauty.  
You can't be choosy.  
I love a man who is  
not worth my love.

When he saw she understood,  
no thought she ever could  
and he knew he couldn't  
keep her anymore,  
ending one who would be woman.

She wears her clothes  
like she wears her men.  
The windows open but  
there's snow on the ground,  
so I guess you better not  
come around.  
I've got pictures of you  
frozen in my mind,  
like weathered statues  
in a churchyard.

You go down to the junction,  
make your moves, make your point.  
The lady with the lonely eyes  
will give you what you want.  
She's got the memories,  
nothing to lose  
and you don't care.

I don't know if you  
hear me now?  
I don't know if you  
want to?  
You never were one for  
listening anyway.  
I know I'm probably interrupting  
some Satanic seduction,  
just hear me out.  
You only listen to yourself,  
and you know damn well you're a liar,  
so you don't believe a thing you say.

Love of my life, my heart, my soul,  
embodiment of everything I feel I know,  
he who fills me up with that

which I never knew I lacked is  
a completion of myself.

Ephemeral are the promises  
shaped with love's hands  
seen by love's eyes  
spoken with love's words  
for they pass with time,  
take them not in the earnest  
with which they are given,  
for they are ever changing  
as the moods  
of the delicate human heart.

### At The Dark End Of The Street

At the dark end of the street,  
that's where we always meet,  
and in the shadows where we don't belong.  
Living in darkness to hide our wrongs,  
you and me at the dark end of the street.

I know the time is going to take its toll,  
we're going to pay for that love we stole,  
but it's a sin our love comes on strong.  
You and me coming on strong.

They're going to find us.  
They're going to find us.  
Someday we'll steal away  
to the dark end of the street.  
Just you and me,  
at the dark end of the street.

If you take a walk downtown  
and you find some time to look around,  
if you should see me and I walk on by,  
darling please don't cry, for tonight we'll be,  
at the dark end of the street,  
just you and me.  
Just you and me.

### Cold Chain

If you leave soon I will follow,  
if you sink the chain,  
brush the snow from your hair . . .

If I sink the chain,  
I cannot leave,  
nor can you follow  
for you are the anchor  
at the end of the chain,  
which keeps my ships  
from sailing away.

An anchor plunged  
into the depths of the sea  
or did you mean the toilet chain,  
in which case  
a different kind of plunging,  
a different kind of ship,  
and I, the tidy bowl wo-man.

Yes the snow in my hair,  
white on black, brushed away  
for it will not melt,  
though I stand on the deck,  
full sun shining, it will not melt.

The cold of the depths  
is within my heart,  
my head, my soul,  
the cold of the depths  
which you transport to me,  
up the chain of command  
from the anchor plunged so deep  
on the icy floor in the icy tank,  
contained.

## Day After Day

I feel your changes, see the people watching you, man child knows the child fading slowly away, becoming a longing and reflection of another, a woman he loves and she is his lover.

He is so very young but his life is very old.  
He is so weary of working but his love is never old.  
He does not hear the words the darkness hides inside him.  
He only knows the wanting for the way to make him whole.

Man builds red brick worlds but doesn't know what to grow within, and his castles in the air would tumble from the sky, for no foundations are under them, so how could he stay on high.

The sun is breathing deeper in the twilight now, drowning in the clouds and the seasonal sighs as he draws a silent picture screaming, but it all faded slowly away, and it's only a day after another day.

Moonlight blowing through the window, spotlight on an angel, dark hair wild on the pillow.

Turn out the light, if you can reach it without leaving me, maybe in the darkness the words won't seem so hard to say, and those cracks in the conversation, won't have any meaning and you can hide your soul from me, so that I may always believe that it is beautiful.

It's early morning grey looking over the city,

waking.  
I hear you behind me, breathing softly at my shoulder, and I know you're wondering, does she want me. The aloneness without the lights, or can I hold her?

Can I hold my soul from you so that you may always believe that it is beautiful.

Run away boy, run away from the gypsy, she'll only leave you when she hears her sister's calling.

## Die With Me

Die with me my love and I will hold you and your wife, she will please you and give you smiles I cannot, but I will always be there, weaving desire in your heart, and yes I will tempt you when you see me. I am timeless, I will wait and you will always be reaching for me.

## Fragments

You claimed that you owned me, though you knew you had no right to, and I consented to be yours 'cause I knew you needed me. But looking back now, I keep asking what you needed me to be.

You tell me I'm the only one that you ever needed, but then you say goodbye, just like it didn't mean a thing. What is it that I give you that you come for when you're down? It must be what you want because you keep hanging around.

It seems I'm not enough for you.  
You always leave me alone,  
if you're empty without me,  
why do you let go?

If you're loving someone else  
you can't say that you love me.  
A man and a woman,  
how simple it should be.

Aren't I enough to make you whole?  
Don't I complete you with my soul?  
Don't I give you all my love?  
Didn't I love you?

I know you like things romantic.  
You want to see the movie end  
with the long-lost lovers reunited,  
fated to be once more, hand in hand.

But I don't want to see you someday,  
in some dirty old café,  
'cause I'll be the one that leaves alone,  
saying I didn't need you anymore.

I've come to say my last goodbye.  
We both know that I've been waiting.  
I've wasted hours just saying your name.  
Afraid to lose in case you call mine again.  
But this waiting is getting lonely,  
either way I'll never win.  
I think my need to love you  
has became just needing to be friends.

And you're the one I cry.  
Do you cry for me anymore?  
You've circled round me with a vision,  
our visions are the same,  
but somehow you closed your eyes  
and called them yesterday.

Child man, you take me so far.  
Why are you afraid?  
I won't know you till I know.  
What it is that makes you cry.  
You're misleading me, Mark.  
You're feeding me lies.  
You're killing me with your eyes.

One person.  
Oh wild man with eyes that speak of fire,  
and burn through mine,  
surrounding me and seeing  
the shadows of my soul.  
Surround me with your history,  
I burn in your desire.

You've been spinning lies,  
flying round and round,  
don't you know  
there's supposed to be peace  
at the centre of the storm.

Single women take your time,  
use the loneliness to find the peace,  
you're only going to know love  
if without it you're complete.  
Take the time.

You never could stand  
being one of a pretty pair,  
you like a woman on your arm,  
trust no one knows is there.  
A love like ours doesn't die.

It just turns to hate and then to pain.  
No one knows why it changes.  
Can't even find someone to blame.  
And the people keep on talking  
about the things they blindly see  
and the martyr's keep denying  
the things they want to believe  
and the guitars keep on playing,  
people join in with songs they know,  
except the ones about love  
because the sadness might show.  
I'll be up when you drive by.  
I know you'll see the light on,  
half wishing you'll stop  
and come to my window.  
Half hoping you just drive on.  
I don't know what I'd say to you?  
Babe, you've done me wrong.  
I'll want to through my arms around you,  
but I'm going to have to be strong.

Don't come back  
until you've said goodbye  
to your lovers.  
Don't call me until  
I'm all the  
freedom you'll need.

Don't walk away  
when I'm talking to you.  
You don't respect me  
and I don't trust you.  
I'm done feeling sorry.  
Turn around right now  
or Babe, we're through.  
I'm filled with anger,  
filled with fears  
about the loss of all those years  
we had planned to spend together,  
promises we made,  
and hopes that we had,

they all seemed to disappear.

He looked right through me  
to someone in his past.

Hide your soul from me  
so that I may always believe  
that it is beautiful.

If you love me tell me.  
If you tell me love me.

### Grey

It's early morning grey  
looking over the city waking.  
I hear you behind me  
breathing soft on my shoulder  
and I know you're  
wondering does she want  
the aloneness with the lights,  
or can I hold her?

Can I hide my soul  
from you  
so that you may always  
believe it is beautiful.

### Hello It's Me

No I don't want to  
see you. . .  
Believe me, you're  
better off  
in my fantasies.

Depression, anxiety  
manifests itself in  
idleness, boredom,  
compulsiveness -  
got to move around soon.

### I Cannot Draw your Face

My love, I cannot draw your face  
though I sit for hours believing  
I remember you near me.

My pencil shades and contours  
glimpses in my mind  
of your cheeks and eyes.

Should I let my fingers draw you?  
They often touched and learned you  
though my head was turned.

But I fear a strange image  
for my fingers were blind  
to your reflection in my eyes.

This is how I knew you.  
This my love was your disguise.

### I Look Back Sometimes

I look back sometimes,  
I glance back sometimes,  
at a man with a mirror  
in his hand to hide his face.

If you've got an answer,  
let me know.  
Even if it's just for a problem  
all it's own.

But if you've found  
a hideaway.  
Don't bother looking for me,  
you know what I'll say.

I'm a proud and simple woman,  
taking my sweet time.  
I don't need your uncertainties  
and stained glass alibis.

### It Ain't Me Babe *March 15 1978*

Go melt back in the night,  
everything inside is made of glass.  
There's nothing in here anymore  
and anyway, I'm not alone.  
You say you're looking for someone  
to pick you up each time you fall,  
to gather flowers constantly,  
to come each time you call.  
A love for your life and watching mine.

But it ain't me Babe,  
No No No it ain't me Babe,  
I'm not the one you're looking for.

## I Remember Warm Nights

I remember warm nights,  
your arms and eyes holding me,  
champagne and movie memories.  
Now you say that love is cold,  
where did it go?

Sometimes I wish  
that you held me with  
your love again.  
No, I don't just need attention,  
you knew there are so many men  
who have had to share,  
I don't want to be there.

Soft touches.  
I remember silent promises,  
but were they made  
or just heard?  
I guess I've learned  
when you believe a  
martyr's lies,  
he's only asking you  
to die for him.

Sometimes I wonder  
how you held me with a heart  
like yours changing and untrue,  
but then I see you again,  
babe, you were never that strong.  
It was my heart that bound me to you.

## Jealousy

Sweet lover,  
I who once trembled at your touch  
now shudder at the thought  
of your easy kisses  
on lips not mine.

Do you mock  
our nights together  
and call them no more true  
when you touch you are warm,  
I know your ways.

I hate you  
with passion matched only  
by the love which I once gave you  
surrendering my soul  
to you.

Leave me alone  
even my hate contents me  
even as in my love  
I can find no peace without you.

## Love Comes From Unexpected Places

Love comes from the most unexpected  
places.  
In someone's eyes you've never met  
who'd like to get to know you.  
In someone's smile you can't forget.  
And all the music plays on in your mind,  
take all the love that you can find  
and if love takes you in,  
take all the love that you can find,  
and hope it comes again.

Love comes from the most unexpected  
places,  
a love song on the radio you've never heard  
before,  
in halls that thrive on loneliness  
where people sell their sorrow for your time.  
They take the love that they can find  
and if love takes them in,  
they take the love that they can find  
and hope it comes again.

Love comes in many ways,  
In lovers eyes and sweet bouquets,  
but if nothing's said then nothing's heard.  
So here I stand outside your door,  
and I'm trying to tell you just once more  
that I love you. I still love you.

Love comes from the most unexpected  
places,  
alone again I search a street of faces  
where strangers look the other way.  
They're so afraid my smile might say "come  
in."  
So take the love that you can find  
and if the love takes you in,  
take all the love that you can find,  
and hope it comes again.

## Marcus

May time and place always  
be as a circle, that no matter  
how far we travel or in what  
direction we are always  
growing nearer, and regardless  
of the passage of time the  
missing of the lover will  
always be coupled with  
excitement at his returning.

## **Mark**

For you friendship is  
a convenience. You don't call me,  
and then consider the  
mere pleasure of your company  
granted to me upon our  
chance meetings to be an  
ample gift of this friendship.  
That which is not sought is  
rarely valued.

## **Reminding You**

Mark, I think you've  
forgotten what love is.  
You, pretend that it's part  
of your other self.  
Something that you've  
grown out of. Well  
I'm going to have to remind you.

Relax with my love,  
it's not going anywhere.

I think of times  
we made up our minds  
to go our separate ways  
and I laugh at how  
we justified it,  
but darling I don't mind saying:

I know you too well,  
don't need to be your fantasy.  
I've seen you oh so gentle,  
that style doesn't work on me.

## **My Lover's Gone**

Fire statues frozen in my mind.  
My lover's gone.  
Only thing can melt them is  
my love's eyes,  
the sun is gone.

I've been cursed with the  
shadow of a man,  
it's a cloud over my head  
can't you see?  
It doesn't rain, it doesn't.  
Let me breathe,  
it just hangs there leaving  
me in darkness.  
My lover's gone.

I keep hearing screams of  
lover's lost centuries ago.  
I'm running, trying to fight  
my way out of the mire,  
but it seems that all those people  
here are almost the same.  
You can't escape until you  
find your heart.  
My soul is gone.

Trapper's set his snare and  
then left me to die.  
My lover's gone.  
Let me buy my freedom please,  
where do I sign?  
My eyes are gone.  
My lover's gone.

## **No Lights On** **November 12 1977**

My father sits at night with no lights on.  
His cigarette glows in the dark,  
the living room is still.  
I walk past the master  
bedroom where  
my mother reads her magazines.  
I hear her whisper softly  
sweet dreams,  
but forget how to dream.

But you say it's time  
we moved in together,  
raised a family of our own,  
you and me.  
Well that's the way  
I've always heard it  
should be.  
Do you want to marry me?

My friends from college  
they're all married now.  
They have their houses and  
their lawns.  
They have their silent  
empty nights angry dawns.  
Their children hate them  
for the things they love.  
They hate themselves  
for what they are  
and yet they drink, they  
laugh.  
Close the wound, hide the scar'  
but you say . . .

You say that we can keep  
our love alive.  
Babe, all I know is what I see,  
the couples cling, they claw,  
drown in love's debris.  
You say we'll soar like two  
birds  
through the sky  
but soon you'll cage me  
on your shelf.

I'll never learn to be  
just me first by myself.  
But you say . . .

### Player Of Pain

Singing the words of love  
but the time it is sorrow,  
seems they always play  
together,  
making me afraid of tomorrow.

They're the players of pain.  
Take the post and saving it  
round again  
and before you know it  
you're with the one  
that you swore was no good,  
and you know that he's no good.  
Maybe his face has changed  
and he's got a different move,  
but you know  
hell come and go  
and leave you crying  
every time,  
'cause his soul is the same.

There's a man over there  
making me turn my head in shame  
cause he knows something  
about me  
and he's not saying.  
He's the player of pain.  
Takes the past and swings  
it around again.  
And before you know it  
you're with him  
and you swore he was  
no good  
and you know that is  
no good.

You let him come and go  
'cause somehow he's got control  
and he leaves you crying  
every time.  
Crying alone.  
Why do I come back for more?  
What's in me  
that keeps on searching?  
Are the only ones with what  
I desire,  
the ones who teach me  
hunting?

I'm the player of pain.  
Take the past and swing  
it around again.  
And before I know it  
I'm with the man  
that I swore was no good  
and I know that he's  
no good.  
His face is the same  
but I've learned to weep  
his name  
and I know he'll come  
and go  
and leave me crying  
every time.  
His soul hasn't changed.

### Then

You gave me a dream  
woven of colors  
of our days together,  
and the nights that forever  
were filled with warm touches,  
echoed of more.  
What is hope for?

My love I am proud  
to have loved you,  
But ah, and how I  
would have loved  
you then.

You gave me a child  
and I dreamed  
of flowers she would gather,  
smiles from her father.  
I'll bear your child alone,  
teach her of love like yours.  
What is hope for,  
my love . . .

We'll grow old,  
sometimes lonely.  
Colors change  
to black and white.  
Wasn't our love right?  
Will we meet again with reasons  
only to leave once more  
What is hope for,  
my love . . .

### There You Are

There you are sitting pretty.  
Your lady in one hand  
and your pride in the other.  
You never could stand  
being one of a pretty pair.  
You like a woman on your arm  
that no one knows is there.

Guess you're doing okay.  
Fancy car and satin seductions.  
Just close your eyes.  
No interruptions.

You thought that giving away  
old dreams would make you free.  
You twisted the memories  
when you realize you lost me.

You went down to the junction.  
Made your moves and made your point.  
Found someone to impress,  
lonely eyes to give you what you want.

But I saw you walking through a bar,  
thinking that you're a king.  
Well you're just another silly fool.  
Don't you know nobody's looking.

### To Mark

There's a woman who's been waiting  
for a man who fell in love  
with the ocean and the blowing wind,  
and he thinks that it's enough  
but he meets her for a while  
and she follows 'till he's gone again.  
Sometimes he calls her in an echo  
and you know she tries to understand.

As she's looking in his eyes,  
she tells a man that she is complete.  
She asks them all to fall in love with her  
so she can refuse them eternity.

Running barefoot through the forest  
and wishing tears were years  
she tries to catch her lover's spirit.  
Finds instead that she's chasing fear.

I know a man who was a sailor.  
I asked him if life was fine, he said,  
we pay with all the lonely times, and  
we know that love will end.  
She told the man she loved  
but he knew she only tried to please  
for she runs when she hears an echo,  
only to lose her body to the sea.

### Touches Ma Visage

December 05 1977

I have only to see you to love you.  
I bear the torment of your absence.  
But for that brief moment of cruelty  
when your eyes stab into my heart,  
reminding me of days and hours  
spent in their endless warmth.

#

Touches ma visage  
avec tes doigts  
comme tu avais fait  
Les jours quand nous avions  
eu l'amour  
sans les larmes, sans les  
mentes  
et tu n'avais tendu dans  
tes bras.

#

But you'll be an artist  
painting pictures of peace,  
sweet magical places  
to castle your spirit.

And I'll be a poet  
and muse on the reason  
why all of the people  
see truth in your vision.

## You Lie And You Cheat

You lie and you cheat.  
Yeah, you're a real big man,  
but you're the best damn lover  
that I've ever had.

You know how to charm a woman,  
fool her with wine and flattery,  
I always knew your talk was cheap,  
but you knew it never mattered.

I've had lots of men since you were gone.  
It's so easy to find lovers  
but I couldn't find the high  
from any of the others.

I talk to your friends.  
I make love with them too,  
but you know when I'm holding them,  
I'm touching only you.

**January 16, 1980**



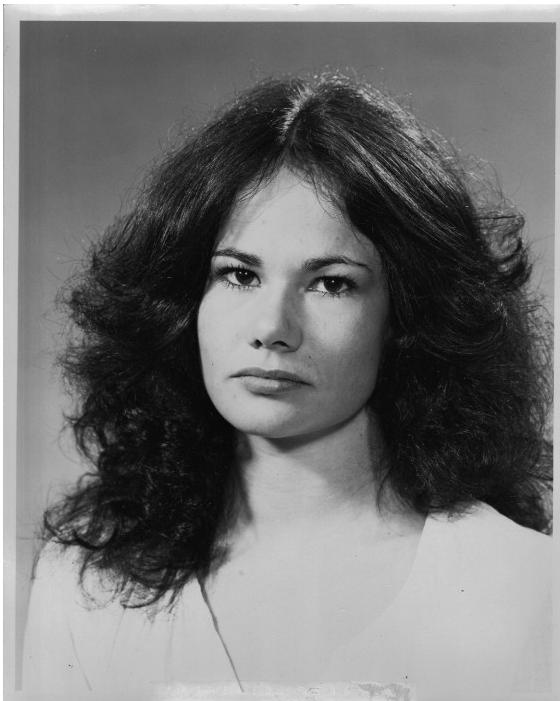
*One should always have something enjoyable to read on the train. An amusing if not admirable reason to begin a diary entry. So many changes in me, my life. Much time spent alone. Too much idleness. "Thy name's legion." from The Europeans" saw it tonight. I called Peter just now. Perhaps it is more than ill fate that I find my greatest attraction to married men. Perhaps it is unconscious design. I ate all day so that I would not see him tonight. I seem to fear involvement and yet by the number of times I call for Mark I desire it very much. Love me so that I may love myself. It seems that I find only physical desire for men. I must necessarily become "amazing" for myself not for purposes outside myself to gain Mark and to show them "what for." Tomorrow I go to London. I go in anticipation of being surrounded by the love of my family and in the fear of their expectations of me. I want to see Mark Verleyen and I fear that I know he will not fall in love with me (again). Silly me, not answering the phone when I knew it was Peter calling. I hope it was him but I didn't want to now if he hadn't. That's why I couldn't make love with him, never did.*

## Maybe for Peter ?

Maybe we have a score to settle.  
May have loose ends to tie.  
Try to forget those lovers who,  
don't ask me for humor,  
I don't want to remind you of the good times we fought through a lot together, came up empty handed.

Let's go trough it again.  
But maybe now we are wiser and that makes it worthwhile.  
Don't you see, darling, this is my last canal to portage.  
We wanted the same things but we were trying to hard.  
Maybe if we were to try again and come out on the good side.

April 10 1980



*Made banana muffins. Saved six for Greg. I was accepted at Law School at Western. Went to Crosbies right away, champagne at supper. Made cookies for Richard's birthday. Looked all over town for a cookie jar. Latin Quarter first night, almost ran over Dennis S. coming out of the parking lot at Tim Horton's. Bought him a coffee and cookies. Must make him some muffins. He's going to make me a cookie jar. Love him so much, he's so special high school friend. I bought a super pair of running shoes and an ivory pendant. Michael Fagan is playing at the Latin Quarter and I gave him my number.*

## To Dennis

My gentle friend, your love has  
many shadows.  
Yet from this darkness winds  
that breathe of life.  
Blow cool upon my face and  
childhood knows  
the yearning of what lies hidden  
in the night.

## Dennis My Friend

My friend, what have you  
done to me?  
Pulled the rug out from under?  
Have I disappointed you?

I used to count on you.  
The distance is unbearable  
when I need to talk to you.

Phone numbers to call  
and no one to answer  
for this state I am in.

Sure, I took a lover,  
thought I had your approval.  
Is it selfish, is it wrong  
to ask so much of you?

Don't believe in change,  
like security in the old way,  
puzzled by your manner.  
Wasting so much time.

Used to call you my best friend.

## Place To Be

If you want me to  
come with you,  
then that's all right  
with me,  
'cause we're both going somewhere,  
but sometimes we just  
need a place to be first.

## Easy Way Out

Looking for an easy  
way out.  
Getting to me.  
Calling on my old friends  
to excuse me.

But it all comes back  
to that old habit,  
to believe I'd won.  
I'll take the glory  
and fun.

But it all comes back  
to that old habit,  
to take the glory  
and run.  
Never finish anything.  
Never had too.  
People say it looks good.

## The Curtain Never Rose Today

The curtain never rose today  
cause the waves stopped rolling,  
the clock struck at 11:11  
but I'm the only one who noticed.

Am I the only one who's left?  
Where did all the people go?  
You took them all with you  
when you left after the show.  
I'm so glad you could come.  
I heard you didn't leave alone.

The headlines of the times  
bore your name today,  
but what it was there for  
they didn't say.  
Your picture was on page five,  
no caption line.

Am I the only one's that's left?  
Where did all the words go?  
You never told me what was wrong?  
Was I supposed to know?  
Why you just left in silence,  
no encore.

Can you hear me now?  
I see you watching me  
from every corner,  
but I need your voice to lead me.

Am I the only one that's left?  
Where did all the street signs go?  
Standing in a doorway,  
this costume is very cold.  
Someone gave me your address  
but the house had been sold.

### **Walmart**

My friend. Not my friend.  
This is a story  
of a woman who is  
a skeleton.  
A woman who thinks  
she can change the world  
if only she can wake up.

Damn it. Damn it all.  
Life is passing me by.  
I want to live it,  
but for the frustration.

If I won ten million,  
I would bring  
ten Africans to Walmart.  
Walmart,  
where everything you need  
is there.

At Walmart,  
what a pitiful example  
of an everyday thought,  
of everything that  
is going wrong.

People grabbing  
instead of giving.  
The giving was what  
made our species survive.  
The grabbing and groping  
was what allowed  
the stronger to survive.  
But Walmart is the problem  
because it's not the solution.

I'm afraid of being alone,  
my friend, not my friend.  
I was married once.  
Divorcing him was  
a good thing I don't regret.  
I need someone.

### **April 12 1980**

*Made cookies and strudel. Ate the cookies so no damned dinner. Get back emptiness especially after last night. Went to see Swept Away. Greg, I am so very fond of you. I would like to say I slept with you because you needed me but I can't. I did it because it is nice to be able to give someone real affection. That's what I need, not that it is any substitute for love but I can close my eyes and practice. I don't want to go to see Greg tomorrow, it's wrong, I don't know whether moralistically or relationship wise.*  
*Thought: It is nice to come home and to see where you are coming from. This is the question we toss at others who confuse us, The kind I hate are the ones who insist they know. But we rarely ask ourselves. He has been too casual. It's frustrating but I must accept. The only way he'll ever give the kind of love I want is if he comes to me. Greg, I made love with you without asking for any commitment. That was very hard for me to do. Now I don't know what I am to you. If I'm nobody, tell me so. If I'm important, more than a friend, please show me? I'd rather this weren't a phone conversation but it's going to have to be. I have to know what's going on with you.*

### **Poetry for Greg ?**

### **Greg**

Churches are good things,  
bacon, pineapple for fruit,  
rusty nails and cooking,  
singing how beautiful He is.

Don't know whether  
it's Ok to love you, because  
good loving is good cooking,  
and worshipping you is a good thing.

## An Old Dance

Will you share my room?  
Will you follow a few stars with me?

Making time is so hard to do, but,  
spending it is easy with you.

Following too close.  
Daring to breathe.  
Too hard to change old habits,  
bearing down on me.

I'm insisting on an old dance.  
Meeting no resistance,  
I find an easy impatience  
where I might have tolerated one.

## Mended Heart

My heart is not yet mended.  
You found the tiny cracks  
in my cement of silly putty  
that hid them in the past  
and I didn't mind at first.  
They say love wounds all heals  
but only the heart can  
heal a heart  
and yours is empty too.

Oh, I'll get by.  
Lord knows I have  
been spending days thinking  
of ways,  
to make up for the  
love we had.  
That heart that refuses  
to believe that love has  
gone astray.

Sure, I'm a fool,  
but I'm a lover's fool  
to keep telling myself  
it's a heart that is still  
mending  
from a love that lost  
its way.  
It's a heart that doesn't  
understand  
and a man who just can't  
stay.  
Hearts not yet mending.  
Lovers who can't  
believe what they say.

## Empty Corners

Somehow you found the  
empty corners of my heart.  
The ones I thought I had  
cemented over, sealing in  
the ghosts of an old love,  
that giddy love, young  
love, first love.

But is this love new,  
is this feeling, the one  
you gave me, or do you  
simply draw out memories?  
One by one  
with a glance, a word,  
a touch making  
them less painful with hope.

## To Need Someone

To need someone,  
such a power we give.  
Such a part we trust  
of ourselves to them, to him  
that needs his touch,  
his breath upon my face.  
I feel his exhale,  
his sleeping breath,  
and do not know  
of it to wish upon it,  
speak my name again.

## Whenever You Call My Name

But you always knew the  
word to the songs  
that you played.  
All I could do was  
hum along.  
And those words always  
meant so much to you,  
but you always got  
the meanings wrong,  
always saw such beauty.  
You showed me lightness too  
but you taught me all about  
feeling good, not  
just being between the two.

Everybody tells me that  
you're a liar,  
but I've seen you watch a

child and smile.  
I've followed as you ran to  
find the perfect spot  
for the promise and that's why  
it means so much,  
whenever you call my name.

## December 04, 1980

*Went out with John Bellone. Went to the Latin Quarter. Steve Vaughan Quartet. There were only three of them. Woke up this morning feeling absolutely shitty at 8:30. Sensations all over my body. Pumping and pushing and wet and straining and struggling to survive I am going to quit smoking and drinking except for the occasional single glass of wine. Going to dress up tomorrow for Dave. I thought of Dave Douherty and met him in Toronto.*

*Jean Meuller, Dennis Siren. Those people know that someday you'll be proud to have been there when I want to be an actress. Dave Douherty I can be an actress. You're right - get him.*

*I woke around 7, still drunk. Later woke at 11:00. I rode my bike shopping. Did contracts. Walked to the store and back. I had a fantasy of asking Dave to go for a drink, what if he refused. A good marksman only needs to take one shot. If that shot isn't enough, it's because he had the wrong bullet. Not every girl has a shotgun.*

## Poetry for Dave Douherty

### A Kiss

A kiss in friendship  
that turns friendship into longing.  
Acquaintance removed  
that never died.

That feeling of sexy.  
Someone, something in there  
that you missed when,  
another caught your eye.

But was it there then, where  
you only see the rainbow when it rains.  
Were you there then,  
I don't remember. Where was I?

Something knows me.  
I didn't mean to follow you  
as I have no chance.  
I live in choices, but  
was it really there then?

### Dave

Such passions. Such  
overwhelming passions.  
Guarded hopes and still born dreams  
and the ones that don't  
pan out so well.

Not so sure  
but sometimes it seems  
that having you  
is just another one of those.

Never asked you to be my  
fairytales.  
There you are like some  
lonely unicorn,  
leading me, making me behave.  
Go to  
the place where I was born.

Broken heart, deliver me alive,  
send me there,  
between the two.  
Not much time spent  
where love can hide me.  
A dormant land,  
unknown land.

### **I Dim The Light**

I dim the light  
and think about you.  
Spend sleepless nights  
to think about you.

Sometimes I sleep in the  
middle of the floor.  
Not going left,  
not going right.

I thought  
you would be  
a one night stand.

I thought,  
I would never  
see you again.

You know the lights  
light the clouds  
from below.

I wonder if the trees  
get confused,  
by chance  
in the direction they  
are expecting.  
The sun far below.

In the middle of the night,  
does it really matter where  
the light is coming from,  
and who you are loving?  
When the dark breaks,  
it's the same.  
There were no stars  
in the sky tonight.

Pink Carnations on the table  
and a drink in my hand,  
thinking how it's been a fine night,  
and how you're a fine man,  
and wondering how I'm ever  
going to make the stars,  
come out tonight.

### **The Last Time I Saw You**

The last time I saw you,  
was the first time.  
I needed Heaven beside you.  
I realized that beauty  
without you,  
was like a knife through my heart.

But still I play.  
I didn't push you and still,  
I am silent about my love for you.

### **The Sun Comes Up**

The sun comes up, and  
I think about you.  
The coffee cup sipping.  
I think about you as  
you said you loved me,  
or were you just being kind,  
or am I losing my mind?

The morning ends,  
I think about you.  
I talk with friends, and  
I think about you.

### **Not Trying To Say**

Not trying to say,  
I can make  
those stars come out tonight,  
in the city.

I want you so.  
It's like I'm losing my mind.

All afternoon, doing every  
little chore.  
The thought of you stays bright.

## October 17, 1980

*Delicious thoughts about Max Steinkopf all day. When he saw my tan he said I must have a tiny bikini. He said I must look delicious on the beach. In the restaurant he said see anything that excites you. I'm looking at it. He's the one I asked God to show me existed. Moving to Bloor and Jarvis in November, He drives a Volvo. This morning I drove to Fanshawe to watch Max row. Wonder if he was looking for me - why he came to the pub. Greeted me as if we were old friends. He works for Harris? In Toronto. Met him at the non-law careers panel. I hope he doesn't wait until next year to call? He's Jewish and doesn't eat pork. Brown eyes, great mouth, beautiful strong dancer, loves theater. Lots of money made tonight.*

### Poetry For Max Steinkopf

#### Ballet

The day leaped like a dancer  
across the stage, out of bounds  
touching down at a moment,  
time for a glance and a smile.  
Then off again, without a thought.

#### To Mr. Steinkopf

Going mad  
waiting  
for you to phone.  
Mad with joy  
thinking 'bout that  
Sunday in October.  
Another city.  
Distant life.  
All I'm talking about  
is time  
to see you in the morning  
when the clock doesn't  
matter.

#### Thinking Of Max November 15 1982

Wearing high-heeled platform shoes,  
feeling like a hooker,  
drinking 'till it don't matter no more.  
Morals aren't going to make the waiting any  
easier,  
the curtains are drawn and they (as I) were  
torn.

Faking like a Pro and following prospects,  
the fun's in the chase, don't matter if I win.  
Lots back home who don't even bother  
knocking before they come in.

Mamma, I'd write more often  
but nothing ever seems to happen.  
Sorry, I'm disappointed too,  
swallow my pride and make my way in.

The streets don't make noise at 3am,  
anything can happen and nobody to see.  
I'm not scared but I'm fighting that haunting  
feeling that no one gives a damn about me.

Running like a cab on Yonge Street and I'm  
revving so fast, traffic jam keeps me slow.  
Tired of fighting flashing lights and  
weary of waiting for the big no show.

Mamma, I'd write more often,  
but nothing seems to happen.  
Sorry, I'm disappointed too,  
swallow my pride and make my way home.

## Poetry to a friend, Mike 1982-1997

### To Mike

Hello old friend.  
A friendly greeting to you, passing.  
Can anyone see, I wonder  
the flash of our eyes meeting.  
Remembrance of warm nights,  
of touches un-forgotten.  
Can anyone know the wonder  
that we have shared the closeness bond.

I remember your eyes waiting  
and yet I loved another.  
I shame at promises made  
but were those really lies. I wonder.

The shadows of one night  
all too unreal to lonely people.  
Is it a crime to give,  
when the heart is needing.

As I change to a better version  
I blended my senses to you  
but now I am whole again.  
I need to love, do you?

### Newfoundland

I smile when I think of you, Mike.  
I can't touch you for  
you are in Newfoundland  
but I know you,  
enough to know you  
would feel the way I do  
when I touch you,  
when you are with me.

Here holding me,  
unlimited, unconventional, unbelievable  
underneath that blanket of snow,  
breathing in the warm air of thought,  
sorting out those questions of you.

Your chest, your hair, your eyes.  
How do I spend a night apart  
from the sound of your voice  
echoing, responding, offering,  
yet yielding no sound?

A soft pellet of snow falls  
as I am on my way home  
from the Talbot Street Greyhound,  
kicking six inch sidewalk flurries

in determined elation.  
Cars all fitted with Catalytic Converters,  
silent exhaust and squeaky tires  
on fluffy roads, salted to death.  
I feel the cold,  
wrap my cotton scarf tighter  
as my hair freezes,  
frost white and windy sharp.  
I think East Coast thoughts,  
feel you far away from me tonight.  
For a short while, fright,  
as I am walking home  
along the white road,  
alone.

Closed shops.  
Windows.  
Motionless tenants afraid to move  
in their personal spotlights.  
I stride in relative darkness,  
jumping from streetlight puddle  
to shoplight puddle.  
I am aware of my silhouette,  
flying East.

### So Much Ugliness for Mark Goldberg

Never seen so much  
ugliness in people dancing.  
Doing what they can, just  
to face up to something.  
Hoping someone will notice  
that they can feel.

Making out like I am  
alone then  
but who am I to judge?  
They've found a way to  
bear it.  
All I can do is stare it,  
and wish I could  
fight so easily, and  
not see the enemy.

## Poetry for Nick Manos

### Carved in Stone

Now I thought I could lose you  
and turn all your memories to stone.  
When all I wanted was to follow you  
far enough behind to let you feel alone.

You're my unicorn.  
They say there's only one,  
a single star in a dark night.  
But it's enough to lead me home.

How I thought I could leave you  
behind with memories that  
couldn't ever turn to stone,  
and how I thought it would be easy  
to turn around, just leave town,  
then you're gone, or carved in stone.

### Liars

Liars don't make saints  
and lovers don't make friends.  
The ones who love you  
don't leave you.  
They make mends.

Incite with passion  
and fill with fear,  
they won't cross you  
but they will know  
your love.

Run over roughshod  
and counter all blows,  
you'll be liberated.  
It'll be easy for chance.

Bend over backward,  
and they don't appreciate it.  
Soon you'll find it  
easy, but by then,  
it'll be too late.

## Playing In Your Yard

I don't want to play  
in your yard.  
I don't love you  
anymore.  
You'll be sorry when  
you see me  
sliding down my cellar door.

You can't holler down  
my rain barrel.  
You can't climb  
my apple tree.  
I don't want to play  
in your yard,  
if you won't be good to me.

I'm removing  
the burnt candles  
from the table  
and rubbing at  
a grease spot  
on the cloth.

Realizing that I don't  
miss you  
while doing the dishes.  
Glad when I'm done.  
Glad you've gone home,  
playing in your own yard.

### Sonnet for Nick

Your love is like a chain of the finest gold.  
I scarcely felt you place it 'round my neck.  
I scorned to wear bright jewels at my throat,  
but this so proudly placed, is so delicate.  
At first I thought it surely must be stolen.  
How could a young man ever cover the cost?  
So quickly other claims were overthrown,  
and now without your name I would be lost.

And love so foolish often carves its name,  
on objects it could never hope to own,  
but love so wise returns to its creator,  
should fickle it perceive too for it's flown.

How gentle love can promise eternity.  
How fearfully I ask if you are free.

**Maybe  
Peter ?**

Maybe we have a score to settle.  
May have loose ends to tie.  
Try to forget those lovers who,  
don't ask me for humor,  
I don't want to remind you of the good times we fought through a lot together, came up empty handed.

Let's go trough it again.  
But maybe now we are wiser and that makes it worthwhile.  
Don't you see, darling, this is my last canal to portage.  
We wanted the same things but we were trying to hard.  
Maybe if we were to try again and come out on the good side.

**May 09, 1991**



*Two days before my wedding. London Community Players a few days ago and apologized for not getting back to him about Cakewalk, before the May 3<sup>rd</sup> reading. He understood. Seems they're sort of reserving it for me. That makes me feel good. Workshop today for Small Business Sponsorship of the Arts. Lots of folks at the LRAHM.*

*Rory naked at his place completely. It is my pleasant surprise that I am still learning from him. I like Rory because he is the only husband that I could ever have. I remember laying in bed thinking about being lonely and knowing that it would take an incredibly special man to make me give up that loneliness, which I have known and enjoyed, if truth be known. I just had a funny thought that our children may read this. I'm glad. My Mother - I know so little about him - so my children read on.*

## **January 05, 1995**

*I am sorry I married Rory, but then if I hate it, would I marry Alnoor. A Catch 22.*  
*Dinner tonight with Rory. I was asleep when he came home. He didn't freak out and thought I was drunk. I was saying how I want to leave everything, as with you, an actor, there are more people in the audience than on stage. Rory is so pathetic. He wouldn't be so angry if he didn't love me. I think that is the hardest thing for him. He kept calling me a whore, a bitch, yes, slut, yes, but whore, no. I don't charge. At least he recently lived up to his inadequacies. He is not so nice. Rory put all of my clothing, my dresses etc. in the spare room. Said he was taking over the bedroom. He is pathetic. The worst is that he read this diary. That is unfortunate.*

## **January 15, 1995**

*I have decided to leave Rory. He asked last night if I would come to bed with him - No. Never! I don't know what I said. I am such a renegade, thinking about Mark, the bedroom window, HoJo's, all the things I do are not PLV. That's the problem with Rory. He's staid, no adventure. I will not retire from life. I want to ride in the adventure mobile, even if it is an orange truck.*



## **Rory Poems**

### **To Rory**

You don't seem to have a choice  
where I am coming from.

You, to my mind, tried to control it.

When you couldn't you  
tried to destroy it.

That must frustrate you  
even further, that you  
just can't destroy me.

### **Go Well and Give Well**

Go well and give well,  
in your time, our time.  
It has many moments  
and we can share them,  
or seek to steal them,  
wish some love, or  
gather our possessions,  
our thoughts and suspicions,  
around us like a womb,  
around us like a tomb.

We die with our thoughts.  
We die with our love.  
Funny isn't it, darling,  
that it just doesn't matter,  
but do we realize that, no.  
Go well my friend  
and give well, because,  
what we do really does matter.

If we care , if we share,  
our time, our life, our thoughts.  
Go well and give well.

### **It Doesn't Amaze Me**

It doesn't amaze me that I have given friendship that is perhaps worthy of return, that of friends amazing me not freely giving, expecting worth.

I await my turn.

Thinking how my family always treated me as if I was an alien being.

Something will be very important to you, and you explore that moment and then it's gone. Forgotten.

Or is it that you trust, that it will follow you. The realization of the giving is such a difficult thing. The one's accepting. They didn't realize that it was happening.

### **I Am Not The Loser**

It doesn't have to be an ordinary day. It doesn't have to seem, like the seconds fly away.

I don't think that it means that I am losing.

It never bothered me that he left the toilet seat up, snored. I never felt as though he was invading my space. He permeated my space, invited himself into my space.

I am not the loser.

### **Rory (again)**

You don't get to tell me what to do anymore.  
You don't get to give me what you think is right anymore.  
Because I left instead of staying with you.  
You expected me to.

No, I don't want to share anything more with you, until you share with me.

You've read my Diaries, you've pushed me to extremes and I don't want to give anymore. There, that's now on the floor.

Dreams, but it's still my floor.

### **We Keep Derailing** **December 14 1995**

We keep derailing over something new, getting back on track is so hard to do.

I keep feeling that I'm trying to speak to a reaction to something you've been through.

Or you're dealing with at the time, what ever it is I can't define.

Please tell me and I will listen as you tell me. Do you trust me.

I am so poised, an energy machine and so my chances speak so plainly.

With it remaining giving nature, I embrace you, stay or go, sir.

### **Rory**

Jumping over man-made steps, we fling ourselves at each other. At the end of the day you turn and move restlessly in your sleep. I ask you, nothing, no response. Your sleeping face

with more wrinkles  
than waking.  
You are all elbow's  
and knees.  
You're too hot,  
throwing the blanket.  
Blame the blanket.  
What's wrong?  
Nothing is too hot.

### Rubber Bands

Distance from you is like an elastic band.  
Now grown weary in its stretching.  
There was a time it would draw be back  
to you inexplicably to wherever you had been.

I travelled on my own line, your distance,  
like those maps of airline flight magazines,  
and return a connection to another point of  
departure.

### Sometimes This Scared Person Says

Sometimes this scared person in me whines,  
what maybe, if I had stayed with him,  
what a stupid thing to think in rhymes.  
I feel alone. I feel thrust out. Abandoned.  
I am no longer that kid whose forehead,  
falling, would hit the store's counter top.

### That's Not Love

How could he possibly hit someone  
he said he loved. That's not  
love, it's pride of ownership.

I am gaining  
time with every breath,  
with every moment,  
I don't hesitate.

I am taking  
time that wasn't mine  
in the first place.

But damn, it is mine now.

And I shape it.  
I make it  
better than it was.  
I can place it there,  
if I can just remember  
how I was before.

### December 14 1995

We were derailing  
over something new.  
Getting back on track  
is so hard to do.

I keep feeling  
That I'm trying to speak  
to a reaction to  
something you've been through.

Or you're dealing with  
at the time,  
what it is,  
I can't divine.

Please tell me and  
I will listen  
as you to me,  
do you trust me?

And I am so poised,  
energy draining  
and so my choices  
speak so plainly,

with my remaining  
giving nature,  
I embrace you.  
Stay or go, sir!

### Absurd

Absurd  
shenanigans.  
I cannot afford this.

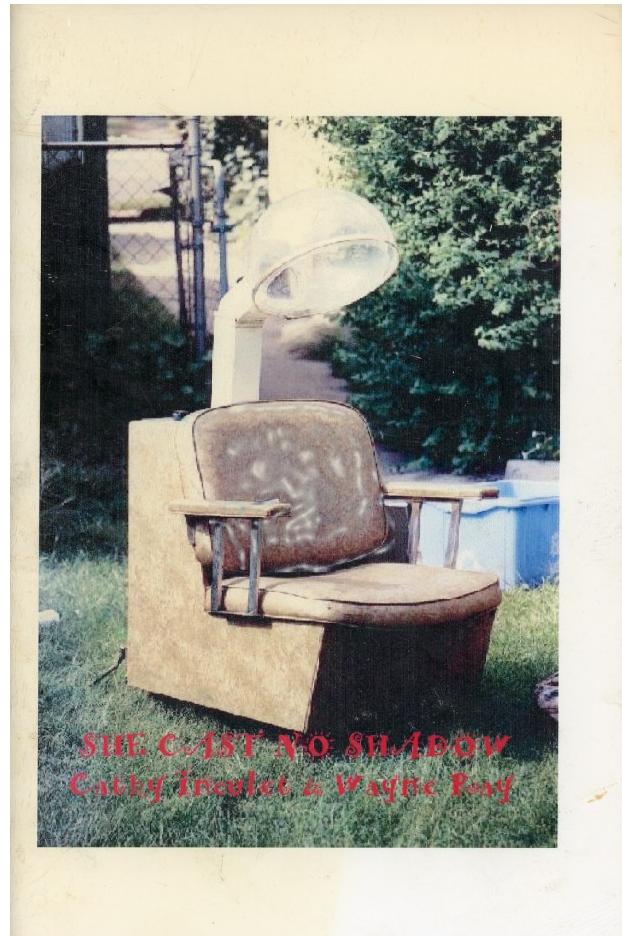
Your excitement at the process  
made evident by your behavior.  
Your continuing speaks of  
your ability to afford this.

I don't want to:  
"take you for everything"  
or any of those much used  
locker room phrases.

Let us simply get on with  
life - those are your words  
on my answering machine.  
They were before I went  
to the Police Station. No,  
I don't apologize for that,

I gave them the information and  
they laid the charges and  
proceeded with it.

Which brings me to my property.  
Give it back please!  
Let's simply negotiate a return.  
By the way, I'm returning to bed.  
Your move.



**she cast no shadow**

**Cathy Inculet  
&  
Wayne Ray**

**Harmonia Press London Ontario  
ISBN 0-9688885-2-6**

### **the abyss**

He had seen her light on  
through the window darkly,  
each morning after work.

He tried to cross the abyss  
of asphalt to her door,  
yet felt helpless like snowfall on cedars,  
ready to melt.

Why didn't she look out the window  
just to see the morning light that paled  
against his heart.

Again and again he tossed it toward her door,  
a snowball getting smaller in a slowly melting roll  
across the black and wide sun warming road  
until only a tiny snowflake at its core was left to  
reach and softly kiss her door.

### **ode to del**

for wayne

He tipped the waitress  
with whom he had been flirting  
innocuously, innocently, in well received fun  
he lasciviously tucked a two dollar coin  
beneath the saucer  
feeling its movement  
imbuing it with his essence  
metal touching cheap crockery  
a symbolic molecular contact  
that could never be a melding  
and in the infinitessimal distance  
lay the chasm of the joke  
that might jolt her when she cleared the table.

### **The Sound of Your Femininity**

Though some would disagree,  
I find the sound of your femininity  
soothing, I close my eyes.  
Dream precipitation dreams  
and know that she is calm again.

Calm! What, me calm?  
Precipitating? Can rain sleet and  
snow all over you!  
Or I can send a soft mist  
to embrace you.

True, you can rain in on me,  
bathe the conscious unconsciousness but,  
the sound of your femininity is soothing  
whether your winter of discontent  
hides in the brambled forest of your love  
or reflects in the still waters.

My femininity is there  
for your choosing,  
for your asking,  
I am glad it soothes you.  
Perhaps like a walk in the forest  
Perhaps like a cool swim with no clothes on.  
Forest of my love?  
Oh Come On!  
Who are you trying to impress?  
My love is not a forest,  
It is a single tree which managed to grow  
in a single spot of cultured sunshine.

She fed him pasta  
and conversation.  
He ate and listened.  
Too much at times.  
He wrote his thoughts  
on the gastronomic and  
wanted them published,  
so he could become  
Mr. Globe & Male.

Have you finished yet?  
She asked,  
watching him lick his fork  
of herb and spice tomato sauce  
He was surprised  
that she had asked.

Would you like something else  
She asked.  
He said no, licked his fork,  
left an unfinished plate  
and sat down to read the paper.  
Yesterday's news.  
No matter.  
He savoured it as deliciously  
as he had his pasta,  
and with more interest.  
She licked her fingers  
but it was only to turn the pages  
She wasn't pretending to read.

Yes, I was reading,  
in my heart leading,  
and my friend,  
you were patient,  
and did not consider  
my reading  
as superseding  
our friendship.

Will you lick your fingers to  
turn the pages?  
Or will you consider the pages  
And the licking  
to be indicative to our friendship?  
Lick, my friend.  
Turn pages.

**I rose up from the bottom**  
for cathy

1 God Damn it Max!  
2 0 God the railings missing  
3 1 love you leave your wife  
4 Remember when we recited poetry in the snow  
5 In the old house there was a fire, I was scared  
6 I love you where are you  
7 Climb up and get that wrench out of the tree  
8 If you can come in and sign the house papers  
today, I  
10 Mommy - Daddy  
I rise up from the bottom of the stairs  
crimson eye lid stains on the window sill  
and adam/eve pain in my chest  
to faintly see the cat at the top still  
unmoved, licking her ass as I landed on mine.

**I Thought Sex Was Just for Courting**  
for cathy [Rory threw her down the stairs]

Really, I thought sex was just for courting,  
for poking the pud after a good meal when  
the flowers you gave her were in her eyes,  
and your mind just wasn't on the wedding  
but wedged in the dark moist of her thighs.

Really, I thought sex was just for courting,  
it's been so long I wondered why she wept,  
and how she wanted to keep it up all night

when I could have slept and the making  
of marriage would do things up all right.

She's replaced me with the spices of the East  
and oiled her body to be a culinary delight.  
Her cucumber legs and creamy yogurt thighs  
on a pita bread bum can be quite a feast  
but I prefer to work like all the macho guys.

I tried to show her who the boss should be,  
that she should show more respect for me,  
but she fell on my fist and now I'm sulking  
because I thought sex was just for courting.

**her house needed dusting**

Generally, she considered the  
mail, to be unimportant.  
Less important than her chairs anyway,  
but at least the floors were polished  
and the house was landscaped.  
But her house needed dusting  
and her mail needed dusting,  
in that indescribable way  
of frustrating things.  
Dusting is such a waste of time, she said,  
like getting the mail every day.  
Was the potted plant too green  
or the thoughts of dusting overblown?  
Who wanted to move the bicycle, anyway?  
Darn it all, even the plants are dusty.  
Dusting plants? Don't we have anything  
better to do?  
The bicycle is my business.  
Yes, it's dusty.  
None of your business.  
Why is the cat the only one  
in the house that can scratch its back?  
I could if I tried but the Venetian  
blinds are open to the neighbors.  
Okay, so I will close the blinds.

They're pretty dusty anyway,  
and I will try to lick my back . . .  
Just Did It!  
You Missed It!  
Too Late!  
Too bad!  
Were you not paying attention?  
To the mail and chairs and the dust and me?  
The mail is delivered.  
The chairs sat upon.

The dust scattered,  
and I am all of that.  
Rooms and rafters, kitchen sink,  
Oh God, I forgot about the tiles,  
and the empty fish tank.  
Screw the dust and put the lid down!  
Shuffle, shuffle. Room to room.  
Trees on the lawn, grass is green,  
so are the walls, golden mailbox,  
Golden shower to wash the dust.  
Save the grapes!  
Yes, yes, I'll feed the fish.  
They yell at me.  
You don't need me.  
Cat drinks the guppies water  
and not the guppies themselves.  
Survival of the fittest, but  
my weight loss has my pants  
falling down, scuffing dust.  
No belt, no mail, no more grapes.  
My cat drinks the fish water.  
Do you have a problem with that?  
If you don't want dust on your cuffs  
next time, bring a mop!  
Sorry, I didn't mean to say that.  
You brought your friendship  
and that was more than enough,  
more than receiving mail,  
much better than dust.

I will give you string  
to hold up your pants, my friend.  
I will buy you a belt  
if that is what you need.  
As for the grapes,  
they are fungible things.  
I can get some more.  
Be content my friend,  
in grapes and love.  
Grapes and Love?!  
All the while, I've sat on the stairs  
and observed your eating habits,  
cleaning habits . . . but love?  
Place a grape in your naval,  
I will eat it.  
Show me your vine and I will  
make wine, but love?  
Dust that off and your mail box  
will be full, maybe I don't need  
a belt to love your dust,  
your fish. Feel my shadow!  
Bring me my wine! . . . and the mail!

Place a grape upon my chair my love.  
I checked my mail  
and there was no letter from you.  
My cat looked at me, askance.  
I just needed communication  
from someone from you  
from a potted plant  
from my cat from a fish.  
I placed a grape on my chair,  
next to an unopened letter.  
Stairs are funny things,  
they assaulted me once  
or maybe it was caused by the cat,  
no matter.  
A shadow being cast  
when one goes up and down the stairs.  
If no shadow was cast,  
then did I not go up,  
or down, or was sunlight  
the only factor, on my back  
or in my eyes.  
Blinded by the thought of high noon?  
Nah, they were Venetian blinds,  
slats of light.  
No high noon here.  
Today anyway.  
To someone who used to live here.  
I sat and looked at them  
My cat looked at me.  
I don't think the fish cared.  
Used to live here? I live here still!  
Among the dust and the clutter  
or your grapevine heart.  
Place the cat on your lap, listen  
to the soft rhythm of the fish tank.  
Close your eyes and feel  
my empathetic love, my letters  
are written on the dust hanging in the air.  
When you move from room to room,  
I speak to you, I can be read  
on everything if you just open your heart.  
Sleep and my letters settle on your eyes.  
I touch your skin, taste your sweet wine.

Save the grapes!

## **Two Jim**

In all the world he did not know  
how to say I love you  
to the ones that mattered the most.  
No,  
It wasn't that he didn't know how to say it,  
it was that he did not know how to say it so  
that they would understand.  
In all the world she did know  
how to say I love you  
to the ones that mattered the most.  
It wasn't that she knew how to say it,  
it was that they did not know it  
when she smiled and her lips didn't move.  
But he said it anyway  
to the still lips that screamed I love you.  
Eyes were opaque  
and they became two mouths talking.  
Drum and anvil poised, unused.  
I love you.  
Doesn't matter.  
Wait come back,  
I wanted to . . .  
I wanted to . . .  
Never mind

They pulled away from the mirrors, speaking  
thoughts intermingled in time/space  
simultaneous hearts bleeding until  
in person he read her lips, understanding.  
She heard his voice vaguely, understanding  
and they stood there  
wanting to hold hands  
both too shy to go first,  
lost in the barrens of closeness.  
I love you he thought.  
I love you she thought.  
She smiled, he was looking at her hands.  
He could not raise his eyes  
Try as he might  
To look at her eyes  
He got to her mouth  
Back to her hands  
Hands mouth hands  
Damn it why wouldn't she look at him  
And then he knew  
She didn't need to

## **Twelve Steps**

for cathy

Drinking makes me relax  
and the night sky's  
moon shadow every addict smile  
will fade one day soon.

Drinking, pull that moon shadow  
off my shoulders, relax  
my stars, my no sun day  
or all night moon shine.

Only twelve steps to sunlight,  
a day I've not seen  
in a life time of  
drinking. Shall I relax?  
One more time . . .  
One more Time.

## **Unfinished Poem**

One day more.  
If you would hold me  
One day more  
and do not judge me  
or ask me  
what for.  
Before, I just felt  
comfortable.  
Now I just feel naked  
when chatter  
interferes with my fantasies.  
Are you naked yet?  
I'm lying here and  
gyrating with the  
overhead fan blowing  
a cool breeze  
toward my lungs.

## **The Underbelly of Life**

for cathy

Seeing you in a night shirt  
that hides the underbelly of life  
as if the dark side of jeans  
was not enough to inspire warmth,  
standing half-naked in the shadows  
of my imagination I kneel down  
and kiss the smile that no one sees.

## **Wrenchly on Elias**

June 16 1999 , for Catherine

There are new roots  
in my yard from the  
not yet a tree, tree.  
What life force guides these tendons  
into the rooms when the  
new skin of wood clings  
to the walls. Leaves become  
painted onto the lattice skeleton  
as the not yet a tree, tree  
comes alive.  
From the outside of the house  
a light is seen while the flowers  
bloom near the stairs, filling  
the upper rooms with life.  
The not yet a tree, tree  
grows through me.



The following poetry are all the undedicated poems that Cathy had written, no particular order and a few questionable reasons for writing some of them. She had a short and wonderful life and is still missed. She passed away from a heart attack on March 31, 2015 when I found her in the living room upon a visit, three days after she asked me to marry her. I said yes. Wayne Ray 2025.

## **Alcoholic ‘02**

I am an alcoholic but  
I am so advanced, I remember  
where I forgot things.

I fell down the stairs  
carrying up a dish of food,  
ended up at the bottom.  
No real damage, will  
probably discover the  
bruises later.

But my glasses. Gone.  
Locked in the bathroom  
case. Alcohol had them  
when I fell.

## **Altered Perceptions**

You alter my perception of me who've wanted  
men.  
Sometimes they were kind but even so selfishly.  
So you say I am something special, say maybe.  
I'm just making time for you, replacing someone  
who made you happy, a woman who's fair  
but no way to find her. She's in your cards.  
Please just stop waiting, I can be like her.

I met you at a bar, funny I usually drink alone.  
You didn't catch my eye, and you were seeing  
someone,  
still you say she breaks your heart.  
I drink too much and I've given to love  
that didn't really play its part.

Making tracks in the white snow.  
Never dared to do that before.  
Left the fire, left the house where  
you knew it was very warm.

And you say you will stay,  
show me how I have my faults,  
call me a cynic, call me scared,  
That you'll be gone when I turn around.

Seeing you tonight and wanting you tough,  
Driving you home and stopping short,  
pretending it will be all right.

Nobody matters but they're all watching.  
Careful now, I'm not the night.  
I always feel like I'm kissing you.

So you say I am something special -  
selfishly I say maybe.  
I'm just making time for replacement.  
You didn't say I Love You, tonight.

## **The Will**

And so he laid down the pen with a smile  
His children would be cared for, his will  
done.  
A sound outside, not a dog barking, not an  
engine backfiring  
A bird, a crow, squawking out the miseries of  
life.  
What the hell he said.  
How can I give what I want to give after I  
die.

## **Bad Poetry**

I want to write  
some bad poetry  
to you my love.  
I want to be maudlin  
and totally self-absorbed.  
I want to focus my attention  
on myself,  
and consider your penis.

## **Because**

because fantasy is a funhouse mirror,  
in which the man can be the child,  
and checking his time, claiming it's  
nonsense,  
thoroughly enjoying it all the while.

### **Brette of Rippleton Road**

I'm Brette of Rippleton Road  
and I haven't a care in the world  
so you simply must stop  
in for a drop,  
with Brette of Rippleton Road.

Our gardens are lovely and green,  
the house charming, white and clean,  
and you know what a bore  
it's been since the war.  
Visitors so rarely drop in for tea.

I'm Brette of Rippleton road,  
our family you know is quite old,  
except for the last  
generation and a half.  
Everyone knew the Brettes of Rippleton road.

### **Can't We Make It Another Time?**

Can't we make it another time?  
Go away and leave me with what's still mine.  
Don't you know I want you too much now?

You're not supposed to catch me off guard.  
Not supposed to make me miss you so hard.

Just a guy who sometimes knows too well  
he's got a smile that never fails.  
Are you using that smile on me now?  
Are you testing to see how far it will go?

Frantically I try to keep my ground,  
a woman who's supposed to hear the sound  
of her own voice calling out your name  
when she's saying come or go,  
it's all the same.

It's not that I am being suspicious  
that I've learned to a little suspicious.  
There's got to be a punch line soon  
and you know how to laugh it off.

Not supposed to catch me off my guard.  
Not supposed to make missing you so hard.  
Trust a guy who sometimes tries to well.  
He's got a smile,  
damn the smile that doesn't fail.

### **Chain of Gold**

Your love is like a chain of gold.  
I scarcely felt you place it on my neck.  
I scorned to wear bright jewels at my throat  
but this so proudly placed, so delicate.  
At first I thought it surely to be stolen.  
How could a young man ever meet its cost?  
So quickly other claims were withdrawn  
and now without your name, I would belong.

Now loves so foolish and often carves your  
name  
on objects it could never hope to own,  
but love so wise returns to its creator.

How gently love can promise eternity.  
How fearfully I ask if you are mine.

### **Change**

Change is not slow.  
It hits you  
a low blow.  
Just when you thought  
it was comfortable,  
manageable,  
doable,  
then change is there.  
A spectre at first,  
you dismiss it.  
Then it's real.

### **Children Don't Lie**

Children don't lie.  
They just see the truth  
more clearly,  
and parents don't  
scold,  
they just love their  
children dearly.

## **Death**

Death and what is death  
to those who already have lived.  
A simple thought,  
a mere transition nothing gained, noting lost.  
And yet an obligation to those we know who were.  
Reserved my status and parenting,  
an interval example of thankless action.

## *[possible for a play?]*

Don't look at the crowd on the shore.  
Don't listen or pretend they aren't there.  
The sky is a blue, a beautiful blue.  
Don't look at the crowd on the shore,  
they are ugly.

## **Tomorrow**

Don't give me your tomorrow  
all I want is today, and  
don't tell me that you love me  
when I've got something to lose  
when you are gone.

How I thought I could leave you  
anytime you didn't come around  
and I thought you were crazy  
when you turn around, leaving.

Don't ever talk about your secrets,  
never was one fair game.  
Don't ask your questions,  
I'm afraid of what you'll say.

(Bella Singh's at the end of the yard)  
We hear them rejoice on the shore. They  
say we are beasts and physical death is  
no evil to us. It may be a blessing  
else why pestilence and famine?  
They say we are the enemies of Christ  
the Prince of Peace. They will hate us  
with a perfect hatred. They will blast  
us with grapeshot and rockets. They will  
beat us as small dust before the wind.

They say our appeal to the courts has  
been dismissed. They say tonight the  
Kamagata Maru will sail for India.  
(Bastards It's right that we are here.)  
This is not where we live. We will not see  
your Uncle but we can't cross the ocean  
without him.  
For hundreds of years the Khybar Pass has  
run with our blood. We are not afraid  
to spill more of it here. Do you hear  
me on the shore? We have suffered but we  
have endured. We are tempered like steel.  
We are always ready.

They are coming in an orderly manner.  
Why Guru?  
Stand back from the rail, get below.  
They are really ugly.

(Bella Singh's at the end of the yard)  
We hear them rejoice on the shore. They  
say we are beasts. physical death is  
no evil to us. It may be a blessing  
else why pestilence and famine?  
They say we are the enemies of Christ  
the Prince of Peace. They will hate us  
with a perfect hatred. They will blast  
us with grapeshot and rockets. They will  
beat us as small dust before the wind.

They say our appeal to the courts has  
been dismissed. They say tonight the  
Kamagata Maru will sail for India.

This is not where we live. We will not see  
your Uncle but we can't cross the ocean without  
him.

For hundreds of years the Khybar Pass has  
run with our blood. We are not afraid  
to spill more of it here. Do you hear  
me on the shore? We have suffered but we  
have endured. We are tempered like steel.  
We are always ready.

They are coming in an orderly manner.  
Why Guru?  
Stand back from the rail, get below.  
They have guns. Why Guru?

See the birds? Land must be near. Mountains, trees  
then the island through the Pass. Your Uncle Mewa  
will meet us. Look, soon we will enter the harbour.  
See where your Uncle lies. That's where we will  
live.  
Look, a launch is coming! Maybe it's your Uncle.

Be careful you might fall.  
The Immigration boat is stopping the launch.  
Shh. Don't be afraid.

They want us to land. I've told you.  
We've asked a judge to rule on Orders in Council.  
Now go! Our food and water are rationed.  
How long must we wait? Open the floodgates.  
It's hard to explain to a child. Your father  
was a soldier. He died fighting for the King  
so now we come to live with your Uncle.  
But first ewe must wait. Go to sleep.

The child is thirsty, cries.  
I saw what you did. You think because I  
have no man you can steal food from my  
child? If you steal again I will come  
when you steal and I will kill you, Gandu.

Don't worry, smile. It's only the water.  
Don't worry, you are a very  
brave boy. Your Uncle will like you.  
Never initiate action. Let us sit on  
the side where there is shade.

Why Guru?  
Why Guru?  
Hide.  
Why Guru?  
Why Guru?

We've gained nothing but time. We've driven  
them back for only a while. What now we  
must press for is food. I say it is  
better that we starve on their doorstep  
than at sea.

(Pandora's Box . . . later perhaps, let him  
want)  
Do you know something? My son's lips have  
swollen and burst from thirst. They  
are covered with grease from the engines.  
My legs are like sticks. If I saw a real  
meal I would vomit. And you think a  
few guns will make our knees knock?  
Safe hazard. Give us supplies and leave.

(I thought it was righteous to draw my sword)  
We go back. My husband is dead. He  
died in their war. His father is also  
dead. He died when they cut back the  
famine relief and I am a British subject.  
My people's taxes have gone to their King.  
I am not a possession, a thing. I am  
myself and I will fight for myself and  
my people and for my son. I am strong.

(Bella Singh's waits at the end of the yard)  
We dock at the Bridge, fourteen miles  
from Calcutta. We are to be  
herded aboard trains and returned to  
the Punjab although many of us  
have not been there for years. We resist.  
Police reinforced by the soldiers open fire.  
Men who shared their rancid flour with  
my son are dead. We will remember them.

(Bullet pierces my son's heart)  
Mewa Singh will be hanged by the neck  
until he is dead. Mewa Singh says on the  
gallows, 'I am a gentle person, but gentle  
people must acvt when engulfed  
by injustice, for hew sees the right and  
the wrong. I offer my neck to the  
rope as a child opens his arms  
to his mother.'

(Bella Singh waits at the end of the yard)

## **Down The Highway**

Driving like mad down the highway  
feels like a runway, soon to end,  
and I've got to take off.  
Don't know why I'm going this way?  
Must be following you after a message  
and I don't know who it's for.

I tried to make my peace.  
Tried to make ends meet,  
and here I am on stage alone,  
no reason for this state of mind.  
All these people expect a show and  
you're not here and I'm not high.  
Can't get high anymore.

Wish you would come home  
so I can pull you to my senses  
and ask you what you think.  
You know I am tired,  
maybe have a drink together.  
Would you drive for a while?

Bring it all home for me  
while I close my eyes.  
Don't want to go through with this  
when we reach the end.  
Maybe I'm scared, maybe I'm wise.  
They told me to count to ten . . .  
Driving? Like? Mad?

## **Earthquake**

The entire house shook,  
the chandelier shook,  
the light fixtures were shaking,  
all the switchboards lit up have a good day,  
the water cooler was rattling in the hall,  
the door of Elliot's office, Professor A. Bailin  
headquarters for effective writing.  
Jim, good and me, thought the prof was locked  
inside  
and was trying to get out the door was shaking so  
much.  
Effective writing can be very scary,  
or I thought it was me.

Jim, had a great night last night as well  
and he thought it was him,

earthquake people are phoning in  
and saying it was very serious.  
I heard it on the radio,  
if I hadn't heard that  
I would of thought the water fountain  
rattling and the door shaking was something  
else entirely,  
no, it was not my imagination or anyone  
else's.

The city of London shook.  
It brought the Buxbaum trial to a standstill.  
The Justice suspended proceedings until  
the altercation was over, people thought  
the prisoner or rather the still accused had  
farted.  
The tremor spread from St. Catharines,  
Hamilton to Pittsburgh, the whole huge area,  
but its not serious and no wonder I  
was a bit nervous this morning,  
nothing serious.

President Duvalier is still in his palace.

## **Empty Corners**

Somehow you found the  
empty corners of my heart.  
The ones I thought I had  
cemented over, sealing in  
the ghosts of an old love,  
that giddy love, young  
love, first love.  
But is this love new,  
is this feeling the one  
you gave me, or do you  
simply draw out the memories,  
one by one  
with a glance, a word,  
a touch making  
them less painful with hope.

### [Unknown]

Excuse me sir, I pray - I can't yet speak.  
I'm crying now - and have been all week!  
“ ‘tis not alone this mourning suit, good masters;”  
“I've that within” - for which there are no plasters!  
Pray, would you know the reason I am crying?  
The Comic Muse, long sick, is now a-dying!  
And if she goes, my tears will never stop;  
for, as a player, I can't squeeze out one drop;  
I am undone, that's all - shall lose my bread.  
I'd rather, but that's nothing - losing my head.  
When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,  
shutter and I shall be chief mourner here.  
To her a mawlish drab of spurious breed,  
who deals in sentimentalism will succeed!  
Poor Ned and I are dead to all intents;  
we can as soon speak Greek as sentiments!  
Both nervous grown, to keep the spirits up.  
We now and then take down a hearty cup.  
What shall we do? - if comedy forsake us!  
They'll turn us out and no one else will take us.  
But why can't I be moral? - Let me try:  
my heart thus pressing - fix'd by face and eye  
with a sententious look, that nothing means  
(faces are blocks in sentimental scenes),  
Thus I begin - “all is not gold that glitters”  
pleasure seems sweet, but proves a glass of bitters.  
When ignorance enters, folly is at hand;  
let not your virtue trip; who trips may stumble,  
and virtue is not virtue is she tumbles.  
I give it up - morals won't be for me'  
to make you laugh, I must play tragedy.  
One hope remains - hearing the maid was ill.  
A doctor comes this night to show his skill  
to cheer her heart, and give her muscles motion,  
the in five droughts prepared, presents a potion;  
a kind of magic charm - for the assured,  
if you will swallow it, the maid is cured:  
but desperate the doctor and her case is,  
if you retract the dose and make wry faces!  
This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,  
no poisonous drugs are mixed in what he gives,  
should he succeed, you'll give him his degree;  
the college you, must his pretentious back,  
pronounce him regular, or dub him a quack!

### Faking it

Faking out the former lovers  
and stalling their advances,  
disaster is the game I play,  
not hinting at your presence.

Sure you called and  
sure you had said,  
let's make a date  
and I accepted.  
But nothing more  
your words didn't disclose  
just what had changed  
and what was regulated.

Fallen out of favor with  
your family, your friends,  
hesitation starting over what  
you said was destined to end.

Don't mistake me,  
I'm a gambler.  
My credits good.  
I'll raise you one  
but I warn you of  
my reputation.  
I will leave the table  
only when I've won.

Dealing faith like cards,  
marking each one  
as you set it down.

### Fanny Bay

You say you have a mountain  
and it's just right outside your window,  
no, you've never climbed it  
but it's still there just wait and see.

If you ever get the notion  
or it comes in from the mind's fog  
knocking largely at your door,  
we'll invite it in for tea.

You still say it's your mountain  
and you are fortunate indeed  
to be so certain that it's there  
and watching over you.

No need to dream,  
to know that it is real,  
no need to dream  
as long as you know its there.  
Better not to meet it head on,  
like any love, it's good to let  
a little fog get in the way.

### Fellow Traveller

My fellow traveller.  
It's not our nature to imply  
we say it outright, outrageous,  
It's an entertaining ride,  
whistle stop, a kiss, a wave.  
Destination undescribed.  
I'm an un-raveller  
of other people's lives.  
I have my ticket.  
It's been punched several times.

And you will never ask for favours,  
so you will not decide to need me  
and I, can't get beneath your covers,  
so I will take this train to free me.

Your disembarkment would have done it,  
would have thrown it,  
would have shown it all.  
It meant to be without this strange derailment.

One small stop, one small junction  
of those sine cos curves in our lives  
and I am grateful for the sojourn,  
I can place it inside.  
See you later, fill you in.

Fellow traveller,  
and you think it wouldn't matter,  
simple mathematics would tell you  
I am there and your partner.  
I'm here for you.

But why do I wait  
and look for your face,  
when my train doesn't even  
stop at the station?

### Flasher

I mourn it really as a passing art,  
the element of surprise is fading away fast.  
We've seen it all before, regret.  
Increasingly the flasher will apologize.  
Mockingly touch his forehead, say 'I'm sorry  
this is all very old hat' and  
'will you forgive me for being  
so unoriginal but all the same, forgive me,  
let me show you this,  
there's nothing left now to hide.'  
it's the flasher's dilemma.  
However suddenly he jumps,  
however deft his movements,  
however dark his expressions,  
however innocent and lovely his  
victim, the likelihood is she's seen it before  
and there's now nothing left but the embrace  
and the fear of the touch.

### Full Moon

Will you be my tropical Valentine?  
Will you sleep with me naked in the sunshine:  
on a beach  
on a rooftop  
out of reach  
of people who insist upon wasting our time?

Do you know  
it's the same moon  
everywhere in the world?  
It's always a full moon,  
you can go anywhere  
if you stare  
at the moon.

Let us go find somewhere tropical,  
Let us go and do something unusual:  
in a forest  
in an ocean  
in a caress  
of spending time on things  
that make us just feel.

## **Girl!**

Girl, don't throw it all away  
for the sake of a man.  
They wouldn't do the same for you  
and they don't give a damn  
when you fall.  
\Girl, don't gamble at all.

Rock on your own  
don't tag along,  
play your hand.  
Not the luck of the draw.  
You're a fool if  
you think it couldn't happen to you.

A man don't mind  
if you give him your time,  
but it's the same old story,  
don't say I didn't warn you,  
you knew it all along.  
Girl, don't gamble it all.

You're not getting any younger,  
you're betting on the loser  
and it's no wonder  
he's dragging you down.

## **Give me an hour**

Give me an hour, no,  
then give me a day.  
It doesn't have to last,  
just make this one go away.

Show me a smile, no,  
then turn your face to me,  
I know those eyes all too well,  
they're always smiling for me.  
Tell me you love me, no,  
then just go away.  
I don't want to hear that from you.

Not today.

Buy me a ring, no,  
then I'll buy one for you,  
pay me back later,  
Wednesday will do.

Tell me you love me, no,  
just put your thoughts away  
and let you hold me.  
Do you love me?  
yes, I knew it anyway.

## **Go Well And Give Well**

June 6<sup>th</sup> 1996

go well and give well  
in your time

our time  
has many moments  
and we can share them  
or seek to steal them  
risk some love  
or gather our possessions  
our thoughts and suspicions  
around us  
like a womb  
like a tomb  
we die with our thoughts  
we die with our love

funny isn't it that  
it just doesn't matter  
but we do realize that . . .  
no

go well my friend  
and give well  
because what we do does matter  
to somebody  
if we care  
if we share  
our time our love our thoughts

go well my love  
and give well

## Lover

Guess you heard I got a lover,  
lives and works out of town.  
See him when he comes around  
but he's got a woman at home.  
But babe, you're here  
and I want you now.

I make promises  
I tell lies.  
You try and ease another's pain  
and it flies at me.

One more night and  
it just wasn't enough.  
One more night, one,  
just wasn't really enough.

Your friends talk about me.  
Your friends talk me down.

Do you think I am possessive?

## Haiku

His sleeping breath  
will it wish to,  
speak my name again?

To love someone  
and do not know his breath  
upon my face.

Such a power we give  
ourselves to someone else,  
trust sleeping breath

Diamond ring shines,  
tonight my Dad wears  
his sunglasses

Hooked.  
And I can't make a move.  
Your face's in the way.

## I Don't Want You

I don't want you,  
but I don't want to lose you.  
I don't need you,  
but I don't wanna make love  
without you, but not here.

I don't wanna love  
you no more.  
I don't wanna make  
you feel good.  
I don't want to give you  
what you want,  
'cause honey, I don't need you.

I'm sorry, no not really,  
for the things we didn't do.  
I thank you, no hard feelings,  
but I think this lovin's through.  
Tell me you never want to  
hold me once again,  
but don't expect me to come running.

I've got to take my time,  
hovering over these plans of mine.  
Mulling over some past crying  
and putting sights on something  
that's flying.

I go out because I am afraid you won't call.  
I say I don't need you in case it falls  
apart and you give me all you have.  
Your worry is not enough.  
I don't care how much love  
you can pull out of your heart  
unlike wine from a bottle.  
The seal doesn't matter, only that  
it's clear enough to see the bottom  
so that you would be left with nothing  
but you trust me to catch every  
drop that flies in all directions.

I'm out tonight and afraid you won't call.  
I say you need not in case it falls apart.  
You say you'll give me all you have.  
To pour out your heart like that uncorked wine  
and we count glasses, hold each to the light.  
Good wine only needs one taste  
to yield all that it can.

I had a day that screamed at me.  
A day that wasn't meant to be.  
Your face takes me by surprise  
every time I look at you.  
Your face is mine  
so familiar.

I look at you sleeping  
and I deny my troubles.  
You guide me to my  
peaceful place.  
I try  
but I am vulnerable  
and I can only  
close my eyes.

### Not Cheating

I know you're not cheating on me  
but you aren't doing anything right.  
Honey, isn't it necessarily ours  
just because it stays in all night,  
just because it's not in flight?

Guarded hopes and still born dreams  
and the one's that don't turn out so well.  
Not too sure but sometimes it seems  
that loving you is just another one of these.

Never asked you to be my fairy tale  
but there you were like a Unicorn  
who promises to give me all he can,  
but refuses to show me where he has been.

Should I have said 'stay'. One little word.  
Would it suddenly have given meaning to  
your leaving, which seemed absurd.

Would your heart have jumped  
out at the sound, crying yes so loud?  
I think how tight you hold me  
keeping that world inside you.  
Did it have to be said?

Please break my heart.  
Throw it on the floor.  
Turn around, leave town,  
Don't say you love me.  
Who would want my heart  
promised as it is?

Don't just give back my key,  
it didn't open anything I cared about.

Not a band of thieves  
could have left poorer.  
My heart was given to your daylight  
but surely you are the guilty one.  
You didn't give it back when doubt won.  
Please break my heart.  
You said goodbye so gently.  
Who'd want this heart,  
promised as it is to give?

Under a cloak of honesty you say.  
This love is real and will not change.  
Crying so hope will appear.  
Fate's fickle hand.  
You take your hand away from me.

Broken heart, bad determination  
and I spend my time  
between the two, so much time.  
Spent where love can hide from  
and foster still born dreams.

Making love is a miracle  
but breaking love asks to forgive.  
I am breaking love under pressure  
from the lack of love.  
Finally released from that  
heart of yours that worries too.

Opinions and judgements  
of others is my Unicorn, so  
please break my heart.  
I can't believe you want to go.

Please break my heart,  
throw it on the floor.  
Just leave it there and  
don't say you love me.  
Let the blood spill on that floor,  
maybe the pain will fall out too.

## I Like Jerks!

I like jerks.  
I like the fact that they  
can be jerks.  
Uncompromising jerks.  
I'm a jerk.  
I jerk people around,  
unremorseful.  
The French have a better  
word for it.  
Nyazeu. Nyazeu.  
It's more snarly, more disgusted.  
Do you jerks want to make love?

## I Must Have Silence

On the edge of catastrophe  
between a bottle and  
a side of me,  
inside of me,  
defied by me.

Fearful of events that clamour  
in imagination  
and feared reality.  
I must have silence.

Advantaged yes  
and so aware  
of threats and promises.  
I can't believe I spend  
some nights in despair  
and idiocy.  
I must have silence.  
I myself and me can be  
so closed.  
Protecting some perception of me  
I don't know.

I invite you to invade.  
It is so simple.  
Funny how my past doesn't prevail.  
You are my equal.

And shall we say I am free?  
You are you, I am me,  
so we continue to play,  
but I nor you play games,  
so . . .

## When I Die

I think that when I die I would  
like to be remembered for my  
kindness and my humour.  
I wish I had managed to write  
my theory of the interconnected classes  
of all things, and the pen -  
the existence of ink. Jeepers,  
maybe I will wake up tomorrow morning  
and I'll have to write about it.

When I do die, please do not  
judge me. Everything I did  
and experienced I don't regret.  
Please look at my diaries  
in the red trunk.

I think my life has been  
interesting and good, and  
probably would have been best  
spent were I in a position of  
power and knew that as dictator,  
first Empress of Wrenchly I am.

I just saw most of 'Lost Horizon'  
my mother tried it, didn't like it,  
made me get rid of it.  
You can't be mad at your mother.

I told Colin Baldwin that today, Sunday,  
wasn't a good day to drop by on a relative.  
I had company, my pajamas knew that.  
I work seven days a week and I may have to  
answer the telephone. Fortunately  
I can multitask. Be kind to each other.

Oh, one other thing should I die,  
forget it. There is a list on yellow paper  
if you find it you can call them:  
Jim Hughes, Carleton Watson, Rineholt ?  
Can't recall his first name  
There is a list of over 50 men  
that I have made love with.  
I think in all, live only in the  
way we have touched one another,  
even the punishers. Am I dead yet?

I think we are a good match  
you and I  
but you have some demons to catch  
on the fly.

Bye and bye  
our sine cos curves connect  
interminable patience,  
expectations on hold.  
No asking plenty of offers  
unexpected not denied.

I love you as I can  
when you want to be found  
and lose or find  
the world that is  
mine or yours.

### I Want

Too many memories  
clouding my vision  
Emotions can't buy  
time.

So they steal it  
and my mind objects.  
No denying.  
No train of thought  
can justify  
my staying so far  
from such goals as I  
have set.  
In moments of passion I  
can't regret.

### Come Home

I wish you would come home  
so I could pull you to my senses  
and ask you what you think.  
Maybe have a drink together?  
Quiet walk in the evening, ask  
how was your day?  
Isn't that the way it's  
supposed to end?  
Once I saw a Unicorn,  
followed him into the forest.  
I needed to believe in him  
like I want to believe in you.

Maybe I'll see that Unicorn again.

### If I Tried To Explain

If I tried to explain  
all the ways I've deceived  
the people I love  
and who trusted me  
I couldn't begin . . .

I don't mean  
to hurt anybody.  
I don't mean  
to cause any pain

and yet I realize.  
I understand  
that when I  
come into a room,  
I shift things around.  
What a burden,  
a responsibility.

I cast it off.  
I throw it away.  
I don't want it anymore.  
I want to be different.  
I want to shed this albatross.  
I want to, I want to love you.

### The Admiral

*[outline for a play?]*

In the early Springtime, after their tea,  
through the young fields of the springing  
Bohea,  
Jemina, Jacosta, Dinah, and Deb  
walked with their father, Sir Joshua Jebb -  
an Admiral red whose only notion,  
(a butterfly poised on a pigtailed ocean)  
is of the paruked sea whose swell  
breaks on the flowerless rocks of Hell.

Under the thin trees, Deb and Dinah,  
Jemina, Jacosta, walked and finer their  
black hair seemed (flat-seek to see)  
than the young leaves of the springing Bohea;  
their cheeks were like nutmeg flowers when  
swells  
the rain into foolish silver balls.  
They said, 'if the door you would only slam'  
or if, Papa, you would once say 'Damn'  
Instead of merely roaring 'Avast'  
or boldly invoking the nautical Blast.

We should now stand in the streets of hell  
watching siesta shutters that fell  
with a noise like amber softly sliding;  
our Moon-like glances through those gliding  
would see at her table preened and set,  
Myrrhina sitting at her toilette, with  
eyelids closed as soft as the breeze  
that flows from gold flowers on the incense trees.

The Admiral said, ‘You could never call -  
I assure you it would not do at all!’  
She gets down from the table without saying  
‘Please’  
forgets her prayers and to cross her T’s.  
In short, her scandalous reputation  
has shocked the whole of the Hellish nation;  
and every turbaned fashionable Chinoiserie,  
with whom we should sip our black Bohea,  
would stretch out her simian fingers, thin  
to scratch you, my dears, like a mandolin;  
for Hell is just as properly proper  
as Greenwich or as Bath, or Jappa.

Red admiral a butterfly  
red = violence, bloodshed  
red clothes = British, a face

## Grow old

Inches off my fortitude  
and miles from my goal  
if only I could see your face  
I’d have the strength  
to grow old.

## Friday Night

It is such a sultry Friday night  
and we should be sitting and sorting  
the smells and sounds of the fading light  
in a field of grass with waves that set as drifts  
to the middle of a moment that doesn’t ask to end.

Necessity slaps me with such impact  
I know you have to and I have to,  
but I’m sitting on a porch of immense  
proportions and without you I flounder,  
touching nothing. I leave you alone  
to save myself and my world without you

and I want to be filled with your sensations.

It’s not that I shouldn’t.  
It’s not that I wouldn’t.  
And you know it’s not ‘cause I wouldn’t,  
it’s simply ‘cause I’m the laziest girl in town.

My poor heart is aching  
to bring home the bacon  
and if I’m done and forsaken  
it’s simply ‘cause I’m the laziest girl in town.

Though I’m more than willing to learn  
how those Gods get money to burn.  
Every proposition I turn down,  
way down.  
It’s not . . .

Nothing ever worries me.  
Nothing ever hurries me.  
I take pleasure leisurely  
even when I kiss.  
But when I kiss they want some more  
and one thing more becomes a bore.  
It isn’t worth the fighting for  
so I tell them this

It’s not . . .

## Jerry (1980)

A princess doing time,  
laughing at her own lines  
when situational conversations  
make her too afraid to cry.

Dressed up in her finery  
and half-hearted comradery,  
taking chances with your patience,  
you know she gambles secretly.

Danger lover,  
don’t like to sit too pretty.  
Taking cover,  
going to get hers in the city.

Buying favors.  
Pay you back some day.  
You know she’d do the same for you,  
move on when the going gets easy.

Looking for a playmate  
and you say you've come save me?  
Well that's real fine of you to do,  
go be someone else's inspiration.

Danger Lover!  
Don't like to sit pretty.  
Taking cover.  
Going to get mine in the city tonight.

### Jim Leaves

When he decided that he  
must leave her,  
he could only do so by  
putting out of his mind,  
the abyss across  
which he had to jump.

### Changes

Letting a man change one  
like that, lacking experience,  
taking it out on you,  
bearing gifts to appease  
my soul, trappings of  
a heart that sold its longings  
for a promise.

No time to talk to you  
now I said, I lied.  
Trying to control the fear,  
the desire to lose myself in you.

### Lie To Me

Lie to me,  
tell me that you love me.  
Lie to me,  
tell me that you're staying.  
Make love with me,  
I don't really care  
if you're playing games.  
I know what you'll say:  
you can't do that,  
you can't pretend that  
you love me.

Someday when you go wrong,  
when you play on past devotions,

you remember old emotions  
and suddenly it's true  
and suddenly I love you,  
that isn't lying to me.

So lie to me  
and lie with me, lay with me  
and tease me like you used to  
'cause I don't need the truth.  
I need to hear "I Love You."  
I want to feel surrounded by you.  
It only takes a moment  
to give a chance at hope.

That I won't need to beg you  
to lie to me, to lie to me,  
again.

### Loving Moments

Loving moments cheaply given away.  
Loving promises hang in the air then fade.  
Taking refuge only in lovers eyes,  
Gossamer anchors love of yesterday.

Unfortunate lovers leaping across  
time on lily pads. Drown lovers!  
Seek the deep cool depths.  
The mirrored surface is an illusion.

This surface reflects vanity,  
shattered by the smallest ripple.

### Loving You

4/18/95

Loving you  
is hard/easy to do.  
It flows from me  
effortlessly but I stop  
every once in a while  
and wonder  
whether you are receiving  
the fullness of my love.

Can you open to me  
without those pinball flippers  
that keep on pushing love  
up and around again  
through gates

that have to be pushed  
by buttons.

Timing is everything,  
another round.  
Put in a quarter.

### Promises

Making off with promises  
I hide them under my pillow tonight  
but without your voice to make them true  
and every sound is frightening,  
words disappear when morning  
finds' me caught in a book of telephone dates  
made in desperation in days between the nights  
I've been with you. Out of sight out of mind.

I'm losing every strength I've learned.  
Those closet monsters of my childhood  
come out tonight to haunt me,  
without you there beside me.

Out of site, out of mind.

### Man

I pick a man  
by his knots,  
slowly untying,  
unfolding,  
what he isn't.

### Misty

Look at me.  
Helpless as a kitten in a tree  
and I feel dipping as a cloud.  
I can't understand, I get misty  
just holding your hand.  
Walk my way and  
100 violins beg to play,  
Oh and it says hello,  
that music I hear.  
I get misty whenever  
you are near.  
Don't you know

that you lead me on, and  
it's just what I want you to do.  
Can't you see  
that hopeless bet,  
That's why I'm following you.

On my own.  
When I march  
through wonderland alone,  
never knowing my right  
from my left.  
I feel misty, too much to bear.

### My Life Is Worth Living

My life is worth living  
I have so much to look forward to  
I am happy  
My life has meaning  
I have purpose  
I feel good about my life  
I love living  
Today is a beautiful day  
I am glad to be alive  
I have so much to be thankful for

### Games

No games.  
No faces held  
behind masks.  
Don't ask me  
questions when  
you don't care to  
hear the answers.

Oh you play games,  
making it so easy  
to be on your side.  
To get so excited to know  
I make you want me.

*[not sure if this is Cathy's or she is transcribing someone else?]*

Noel Coward:

Jean Louis Dominic Pierre Bouchen,  
true to the breed that bore him,  
answered the call,  
that held enthralled  
his father's heart before him.

JLD just sailed away,  
further than love could find him,  
yet through the night  
he heard a light  
and gentle voice behind him say:

Matelot, M. Where you go  
my thoughts go with you.  
M.M., when you go down to the sea

for a year and a day,  
you may sail away  
and have no thought of me,  
yet through the wind and  
the spray will hear me say  
'No love was ever free.'

You may sigh when horizons are clear.  
Something that is dear to me,  
cannot let me be.

Matelot, M., where you go my heart will follow.  
M.M. when you go down to the sea,  
T.L.D.P. Bouchen sailed the wide world over,  
lips that he had kissed  
could not resist  
this loving roving rover.  
T.L.D. right or wrong  
ever pursued a new love  
until in his brain  
there beat a strain,  
he knew to be his true love's song.

M.M., where you go my heart will follow.  
M.M., when you go down to the sea.

When there's grief in the sky  
the waves ride high.  
My heart to yours will say  
you may be sure that I'm true  
    to my love for you,  
though half a world away.

Never mind if you find other charms,  
here within my arms you will sleep,  
sailor from the deep.

M.M., where you go my heart will follow.  
M.M., when you go down to the sea.

### **Not Making Promises**

Not making promises.  
Not drawing lines.  
Too insecure to lay it down.  
Too wanting not to try.

I spend my whole life  
giving in and taking chances.  
What's it got me  
but a lot of friends  
who don't call that often,  
but they answer every time.  
Just the same I wonder,  
who's right, they or I?

I want you to travel with me  
but I want you to know why.  
I'm sorry, I don't take chances with you.  
You know I'm trying so hard to keep on  
course.  
I'd make amends if I knew you,  
simple times made me so lost.

### **Not My Truth**

I've searched the world,  
well at least a part of it.  
For a man who could be,  
a part of me.  
I thought I found you once  
when I was young,  
but that was just  
a part of my youth,  
not my truth.

## November 19 1995

My love is a paper flower,  
you hold it gingerly.  
Give it back, I  
want to pull each  
petal off and slowly  
count to 'he loves me'.

I'm afraid to take the last,  
I've lost count anyway.  
The bare center  
pistol and stamen . . .  
'He loves me not'  
Its corona's gone so  
I toss it away.

I rifle through the petals  
now so strangely brittle,  
wrenched away to test  
'he loves me' on paper.  
Watch them crumble and fade.

Should I try and save them  
and scrutinize each one?  
'He loves me not'.  
Perhaps pressed in  
a special book to count  
the time of their decay.

All that's left of my love  
is papers 'he loves me'  
no promises trusting flowers  
wrongly formed in  
and by paper cruelly betrayed.

He loves me not.

## Old North

It's a mess.  
I want a nice place to work, have kids.  
We want to live in Old North, and  
I want a house eventually,  
time to fix it up the way we want.  
So you don't want to be impressed  
by all the time and patience  
and the opportunity  
of me being a woman, partner,  
who has the sense to be  
there for you. Are you there for me?

## Society

Our society has changed,  
I think much of this  
stems from a misunderstanding of  
the Charter. Not a piece of legislation.

But he goes further, using words  
like arrogant, gall, and generally  
denigrating on an emotional level,  
the very system of justice and society  
within which we can speak freely.

The character is not just a set of  
rules, like a piece of legislation  
it is more of a philosophy,  
stating that we as a society upheld  
overriding values such as freedom & equality.  
All was enacted democracies,  
they are overriding, because every  
piece of legislation, however,  
democratically brought about, and  
must comfort to these values.  
This extends to actions that may be

taken by governments and justice  
administration  
under such legislation, even if the  
actions are within the wording of  
the statute or if they offend rights entrenched  
then the legislation, or the part  
of it contrary will be struck down.

This is what warrants must do  
to uphold democracy.

## Pangea

A head on collision with my expectations  
makes me feel contrite.  
I behave and say things not my right.

My feelings for you have epicenters  
on the fault lines of my confidence  
and I retreat and make a choice  
to close or open, take or give  
the secret to my Ley Lines.  
I feel you jostle for positions.  
Pangea folds and gathers strength

but still it is so strange,  
this being pulled apart.  
What was it?  
Time, no not time,  
continental thoughts,  
meshing or not meshing.  
I mesh with you so incredibly.  
I keep thinking how  
Pangea eventually unites us all,  
I was thinking why,  
why I want to sleep with you.

### **Phoenix**

Believe in me, darling.  
Believe in me as  
I falter sometimes,  
no, a lot, but  
in my weakened state  
a Phoenix will grow.

Watch my pyre.  
It haunts me  
and I say no.

### **For Your Love**

Pinning my hopes,  
drunk for your love,  
needing to possess,  
hoping for years,  
needing to lean on you,  
afraid when you are sleeping.

Looking out for prospects,  
Smoking a cigarette.  
Why don't you call?  
You said you would.  
Can't keep my mind  
driving on.

### **Pretending**

Were you just pretending?  
Well send my regards,  
spare no expense,  
send my love to  
every one we knew.

Did you finally get  
that lucky treat?  
Sorry I couldn't be there,  
had to fly to Rio,  
back at Christmas, see you there.

Take a message to  
that boy in my heart  
if you can find him,  
anyone will do.  
Take a message.  
Yes, I'm talking to you.  
You used to be my friend.  
What happened to you?

Took a chance.  
Too bad.  
Guess we all sometimes lose.  
Thought it would work out,  
can't be between her and you,  
so sad.  
That attraction came hard.  
It never used to.

### **Puddles**

My driveway is full of puddles  
but I'm leaping over them,  
my heart is full of holes  
but it's beating just the same  
despite the healing pain,  
I'd do it all again  
Damn it all, I am happy

You cris-crossed my scars  
with fibers strong a spider silk.

## The Quality of Mercy

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
That in the course of justice none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant  
there.

## Quickly

An hour can go by so quickly  
and I can forget that you  
were with me yesterday.

Duty calls me and I must listen,  
but why can't it be more forgiving  
when I fail.

To answer pressing needs  
I'm drinking again  
to relieve that overwhelming  
undeserved feeling.

I'll drive you home,  
kiss you goodnight  
but I'm wishing for you  
to make me feel like a woman again/

Tired of being, tired of acting,  
tired of imaginary war.

Sure and I've got love, babe.  
And sure I got time,

but I don't need to share it  
just to make it mine.

## Selfishness

Thinking  
how if only I'd known  
you in highschool,  
Nah,  
you wouldn't have  
given me a second glance.  
I was so shy I wore glasses,  
I can tell you anything, even that,  
or in my twenties,  
oh but by then I was haughty.  
Men fell,  
or so I thought,  
I would not  
have looked past the lover  
who bought me dinner.  
She was disturbed to find  
that he had gone.  
His stuff was all there,  
toothbrush, LP's . . .  
He didn't own CD's  
but then what he thought  
was there was gone.

## Sitting

You should never have to sit  
there, talking times and things.  
You should never have to sit there,  
'Cause I know that I've tried  
Making time and making lies.  
You look so different when you're sleeping.  
Thinking, I don't know this man.  
The days are getting shorter now,  
nights are getting colder now.  
Silences getting oh so long.  
Seems like it's coming,  
seems like it's coming to an end.  
Babe, I'm trying to have more time.

Dreams are freezing with the river,  
Lord, just help me through this Winter.  
Babe I'm trying one more time.  
Still there's hands to warm, soup to stir,  
stories to tell, it'll be a bad year, this year.

## **Soapsuds Mornings**

You meet me in a soapsuds morning asking of body, pressing warmth, melting bubbles of asking, which burst on thought that I need nothing more.

I touch your head as if practiced, a habit not yet learned, like this tangled dancing each time new yet traced in stone, studying your freckles until you move.

Forgive me.  
I turn away with questions.  
Strange beast  
with heavy arm possessing,  
no, you are familiar  
to me as I hold you.  
You disappear  
or maybe I do.

## **Sonnet For David S.**

23/6/82

My patience seems a virtue frightened far,  
your heart cannot rest here with me 'til dawn,  
so wearied by the wet and heated dark  
yet you demand I lead you to the door.

Why must you cut dishonest love in two?  
A man who rages hot when in my bed,  
though fallen out to stay with her you choose  
not being alone but left that way we dread.

Don't ask me why tonight I push you out,  
if only t'were done more unthinkingly  
but you'd go on without a pause to doubt  
the man can't lose who never dares to need.

But a man who's thrown outside a woman's love  
will find the void a lousy fuck.

## **Stolen Moments**

A few stolen moments is all that we shared.  
You've got your family and they  
need you there.  
Though I try to resist being last on your list,  
but no other man's gonna do,  
so I'm saving all my love for you.

It's not easy living all alone.  
My friends try and tell me to find  
a man of my own,  
but each time I try I break down and cry  
'cause I'd rather be hoping and blue,  
as I'm saving all of my love for you.

You used to tell me we'd run away together,  
love gives you the right to be free.  
You said be patient, just wait a little longer,  
but that's just an old male fantasy.  
I've got to get ready, just a few minutes more.  
Get that old feeling when you walk  
through the door.

Because tonight is the night for feeling alright.  
We'll be making love the whole night through.  
So I'm saving all of my love,  
yes I am, yes I am, for you.

No other woman is gonna love you more,  
'cause tonight id the night,  
that I'm feeling all right.  
We'll be making love the whole night through.

So I'm saving all of my love,  
yes I am,  
yes I am saving all my love for you.

For you.  
For you.  
For you . . .

## Daisies Turn To Diamond Rings

The daisies turn to diamond rings.  
She'd rather have the flower,  
weep for the woman, cry for yourself.

The old ones frown for the wild fool,  
she smiles and takes their hand,  
but she must run if she is to meet  
the sea by the edge of the land.

The sun will set as she waits alone,  
for all of the fantasies are asleep,  
she will be there tomorrow again,  
her fantasy lover she cannot leave.

If I see her I will tell her.  
I will tell her you have gone.  
If I see her I will tell her,  
I will tell her that you have gone.

## This Space I Call mine

This space that I call  
mine,  
is slowly getting smaller.  
Some of it's hung together.  
Some I'd gladly give  
away,  
but not if it's just  
plain dying.

## Time Is What I Ask of You

Time is what I ask of you.  
Your precious time,  
'cause when you spend your time with me  
it doubles mine.

My heart cannot rest  
unless it's inside of you.  
My life can bide its time  
until I can find you .

I am crying  
for choices I've not made.  
I am finding  
the strength to let me wait.

In time  
I know it will be clear.  
With time  
you show me not to fear

Time in all its urgency,  
time is different from distance.  
Time is unrelenting  
and time can't promise me your face.

In the morning  
so soft I look at you  
and wish for the time  
to give to you .

## Tired Days

Tired days that just don't seem to make sense  
when at the end I am in my room  
thinking of all those people  
who didn't come through for me.  
My expectation stays undaunted  
when I hope that you love me.

Strange how these days would just fly by.  
If I was only missing you, I would bring me  
down  
but all the disappointments pile up you know,  
and I end up pruning all of my hopes  
and needing you to save me.  
You become that perfect place  
that I can never go because our rainbows  
are at the end of each other.  
I'm following mine are you yours?  
It won't be long now.

## To Dan

So sad.  
Memories of a fond friend,  
that passed not long enough ago.  
I'm left holding such a lead  
of words unsaid and things I should have  
done.  
Time and trust hoarded selfishly  
and a heart that wasn't fallowed.

So weary.  
Seeing new lines on my face  
too clearly.

Reminds me of little hurts,  
they visit me again together  
in the mirror, my companion  
at a meat dinner for two  
with a fuzzy photograph of you.

Let me see your face again,  
hear you say it's no big deal  
and we'll see what's going on,  
maybe take a drive to the beach.

So sorry.  
Guess I was out of line.  
If you'd only let me  
know I wasn't being fair.  
All I knew was you hadn't called.  
How was I to know you hadn't tried.  
You took the easy route it seems  
to say you were just making time with me.

Thinking about the ages of fire we've filled  
and wondering 'bout the ages yet to come  
until the day we say 'hey,  
you've been here a long time.'  
Guess it's with you I'm growing old  
and maybe we'll move  
into the country, that's what  
we always said we'd do.

We follow hearts of gold  
and throw them on the floor  
when they seem too pale to wear.  
We trust that time  
will give what we desire.

### To Love Someone

To love someone,  
such a power we give,  
such a part we trust  
of ourselves to them  
that needs breath upon our face  
sleeping breath upon our face  
and do not know  
if it will wish  
to speak our name again.

### To William

My gentle friend, your love has many  
shadows.  
Yet from this darkness winds that breathe of  
life.  
Blow cool upon my fire and childhood knows  
the fear of what lies hidden in the night.

### Twilight Zone

I guess my heart was not yet mended.  
You found the tiny cracks  
in a cement of silly pride  
that hid him in my past.

Oh, I didn't mind at first.  
Theyt say love heals all wounds  
but only a hear can fill a heart  
and yours is empty too.

A heart that's not yet mended  
from a love that lost its way,  
a heart that refuses to believe  
that it has changed.

Oh I get by,  
Lord knows I have.  
Spending the days  
thinking of ways  
to wake up for the love I once had.

### Vortex

Your absence is a vortex, I am lost  
to sweet enticing suction, I descend  
without control, this depth compels my  
thoughts,  
I spin down its desire without end.  
The clock face makes me crazy with its circle.  
A whirling bore that drills unceasingly.  
Am I condemned to such a storm eternal,  
expanding each hour?

I follow emptiness, you ask directions,  
I am consumed and cannot plead for patience.  
This siren whirlpool is unrelenting.  
I think you too are drawn by its creation.

My love, it was cruel to dig this aching chasm  
which can be sated only by its passion.

### We have to talk

We have to talk.  
Why do I hate those words:  
we have to talk.  
Communication is a good thing  
is it not?

Is the agenda to be published  
at a later date I guess.  
Will I get to make a statement?

Why is it that you always say those words  
just when I'm climbing on my feet  
and things are sorting out a bit.  
I'm feeling strong, we've had our fun  
and BOOM you tug at the rug under my feet!

You're not moving,  
you're only sleeping.  
You're not speaking.  
You only cry.

Uncertain heart,  
no, just caught too far  
from home base.  
I see your face.

Forgot my needs.  
Trembled when I heard  
your voice on the phone.  
Thank God you're here,  
or are you?

### When I Needed you

Where were you when I needed you?  
Where were you when I called to chat?  
Who was that knocking at your door?  
Why did she come, did she need you anyway?  
Suspicious minds?  
No, just lonely am I.  
Wanting you so late, back home.

Marked my time today,  
got so much done,

waiting for you.

I told you I had things to do.  
Don't blame you if you stayed away,  
something in your voice,  
something I needed to be told.

### Will I Marry

Will I marry the man,  
to walk with in the evening,  
grow old with the seasons,  
mock our change.

Will I marry the boy  
who lives next door.  
He never goes anywhere else  
but he is so secure.

Men would come and go.  
There was always another  
waiting in the aisle,  
waiting for my smile.

### Offerings

Words offered and words received,  
some thrown back  
some not to to believe  
and some merely challenges,  
testing the thickness of  
floors and walls,  
whichever we call them.  
Depends on the moment, the words.

And you seem so distant, today,  
yesterday we spoke so well,  
so clearly I understand you.

### The Bottom Line

You know it's feeling really solid  
with you  
with you.  
Give me some more time,  
don't give me the bottom line.

I take chances with security  
and waiting for the old road.  
Living for simple reasons

and saying I don't need you  
when I do really need you.

Am I not ready?  
It's a mad rush, for  
every time you go away,  
I see you more and more.

### Teaching Me

You teach me things I want to learn  
and show me ways I've never heard of  
to chase away those habits that settled in.

I had things all figured out.  
Men were never cause for doubt.  
I play the best odds of boys to men.

One overwhelming me,  
but two is there that loves me  
or at best is the one  
who shows he's true.

But one is dark when he loves me  
lover, he wants me but doesn't know me,  
but two is same as one.  
Who's touching my hair?

I've been wondering about the man  
who's been living in the dream  
I have now and again.

Is it one that makes my heart jump  
or is it two who gently holds me up?  
Give me an answer, I'll give you a prayer  
that in the New Year, somebody's there.

### Before Rory

You're telling me, don't get me wrong,  
I'm marrying in the Fall.  
Then you ask me to make love,  
that doesn't make sense at all.  
You've got yourself in a situation  
and you hope I'll understand  
and wouldn't it be so fine.  
One night, one woman, one man.  
Arrangements are made, plans are set.  
You say, honey, I ain't married yet  
but that don't mean I can fake it.

When I'm near you  
I can't breathe.  
Even I can understand  
but don't ask me to explain.

You think I'm protecting myself.  
I want it all or nothing.  
It's just that I got to give it my all,  
but it gets stopped up in my heart.

### You've Got It Coming

You got it coming to you.  
I can't stop it now.  
You can't stop it now.  
I don't want no f'n back talk.  
I just don't need a lover who's  
been dragging me down lately  
and right now you're bringing me down.  
I don't need a charming dinner companion.

I don't care  
who you got  
hanging on to you.  
I don't care  
what you got  
on the side.

Chances are you've noticed  
I'm one hell of a  
good looking lady and  
chances are I've figured  
out that you're not  
certain of our circumstances.



<https://archive.org/details/@hmsspress>

[hmsspress@outlook.com](mailto:hmsspress@outlook.com)